THE PAPER WITH SOMETHING BEHIND IT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 142. WEEK ENDING JULY 22ND, 1911. ONE PENNY.

WHEN AT THE NETS

ALWAYS REMEMBER

That you are there to *improve* your game. If you are batting, play every ball as carefully as you would in a match.

* * *

That if the net "leaks," you should avoid hitting in that direction, if possible. Otherwise, you might do the batsman in the next net some serious injury.

* * *

That too many bowlers spoil the practice. If you have, say, two men bowling to you, enough time is given you to study their methods and your own; but if, perhaps, four or more men are firing balls at you, you are continually flurried.

* * *

That, if you are bowling, you should consider your own interests before those of the batsman. You are there to better your own department of the game. If he favours a particular type of ball, give it him once or twice, but not so often as to run any risk of your delivery becoming stereotyped.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

AN INTERESTING, IF UNPLEASANT, TYPE.

Most of us have met him, and a good many of us pity him. The rest are able to discern a certain amount of humour in his composition. He imagines that he is continually ill, and the nature of his complaint changes every day, according as he reads or hears about some new and more interesting malady.

If he hears that Mr. Balfour or Mr. Winston Churchill is suffering from some sort of "itis," he at once becomes convinced that he has contracted it too. He looks up the symptoms in the medical dictionary which is inseparable from him, and he is keenly conscious of each one immediately after he has read about it.

Generally the victims of this strange psychological condition are elderly men; but practically every medical student becomes a hypochondriac at the outset of his studies. After a time, of course, he becomes accustomed to learning about the nature and effects of almost every disease known to science; but in his "green" days there is a tendency in every man to let such studies react on the mind.

However, the hypochondriac is to be thanked in a way by Cupid. Thousands of men fancy they have the symptoms of love, when in reality they are only suffering from indigestion.

CHEEK.

"Are Americans fleeced?" inquires a contemporary. Only when they are really "woolly."

* * *

Armad Bux, the Indian wrestler, is described as being as slippery as an eel. Diffidently, I venture to observe, eel do.

* * *

"A sermon," says Mr. J. W. Babcock, "is always preached to someone else." Mr. Babcock is evidently not one of those panic-mongers who declare that our churches are empty nowadays.

* * *

Mr. David Whitelaw has just written a novel entitled "The Man with the Red Beard." Let us hope Mr. Whitelaw will have no little libel action troubles with Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

* * *

A contemporary prints an article called "Concerning Summer Holidays." As I am not going to get any, they don't concern me at all.

* * *

"Queen Victoria," says a writer, "was a generous donor." "Good on 'er!" approved Bill Blimy. "I *do* like a generous donah! You sh'd see my Sal buy me drinks as soon as she's drawn 'er wages!"

* * *

"M.A.P." prints an article on "Crabbing the Press." What does it mean? Has it anything to do with codding? It sounds fishy, at any rate.

* * *

This Veto business is apparently not the only branch of Lords Reform that is being mooted. A weekly paper suggests that Lord's Cricket Ground should be "thoroughly drained and re-turfed."

* * *

"Good luck," says a moralist, "is what the man next door has." Well, I personally wish he would get rid of his good luck—in the shape of a gramophone and a squalling baby—when I am trying to write copy.

* * *

Now Queen Mary's fame is *sure* to be immortal! Mr. Keir Hardie has condescended to say of her. "I confess to a weakness for that good lady."

* * *

By the way, he is *very* Hardie, what?

* * *

In describing how a boy scout cycled from Manchester to London in under twenty-four hours, the "Daily Mail" heads the story "Boy Scout's Feat." Dear old Mrs. Footler says he *must* have had good strong ones.

J. S. Cox.

SWIMMING PRIZES.

THE A.S.A. RULES CONCERNING THEM.

Value prizes, that is to say prizes in the form of a cheque or order on a tradesman are illegal under A.S.A. rules.

Souvenirs may only be accepted subject to the approval of the A.S.A. Committee or District Executive.

Wearing apparel (swimming costumes excepted) may not be offered as a prize.

Prizes of the value of £5 and upwards must be engraved with the name and date of the meeting.

All prizes must be of the full advertised value and without discount, and in the case of open events must be presented on the day of the meeting.

A fast time prize shall not exceed one guinea in value.

If a competitor thinks that his prize is not of the advertised value he has the right to object within seven days of receiving it, and on making a deposit of five shillings, to be returned unless his protest be considered "frivolous."

HAVE HORSES AFFECTION?

WHAT ARE OUR READERS' EXPERIENCES?

Much has been written about, and many sentimental playlets have centred round, the almost human affection of a noble horse for his master; but is it, in reality, a fact that horses are capable of actual affection for a human being?

That a dog can feel this admits of no denial; but there is more than one expert in matters equine who declares that horses have no real affection.

A horse will give vent to sounds of welcome and rub his velvety muzzle against your shoulder as you go up to him; and you pat him heartily on the neck, pleased at these signs of apparent fondness for you. But it is quite possible that the horse is only pleased to see you because you are the man who habitually gives him his food.

A well-known Army riding-master, in a book which he has written about horses, professes to have proved this.

He had a horse, he says, which he had fed regularly for some years, and which exhibited signs of the greatest delight whenever he entered its stall.

As a test, he had it fed by another man for some weeks, during which time he did not go near it. Then at last, when he did, he found that the animal made no sign of recognition whatever. It had forgotten him.

FANCY DIVING.

SOME EFFECTIVE FEATS DESCRIBED.

I need hardly say that none should attempt fancy diving who is not already proficient in ordinary diving.

Even in a straightforward plain dive, a slight miscalculation, an untoward movement of the body or limbs may mean an unpleasant shock, if not, indeed, serious injury, and the risk of mishap is, of course, more than doubled when you come to fancy diving.

Still, plain diving is apt to become monotonous, and sooner or later you are sure to be tempted to try the "coloured" variety.

For a start you might do worse than try the "Australian Splosh." It is not a pretty dive; indeed, it is not properly a dive at all, and beginners sometimes achieve it involuntarily.

To make it, stand erect on the edge of the spring board, toes projecting, and hands at the sides.

The Neck Dive.

Spring well out, at the same time doubling up the body, stooping down, and clasping the knees with both hands.

The idea is to roll yourself up into as much of a ball as possible, keeping the head forward and the chin well down.

You enter the water in a sitting position, but you must be careful to keep the feet pointing downwards.

Then there is the neck dive, shown in the first illustration, which calls for plenty of nerve and well-trained muscles. To execute it, lie down on your back on the spring board, head projecting a little over the edge.

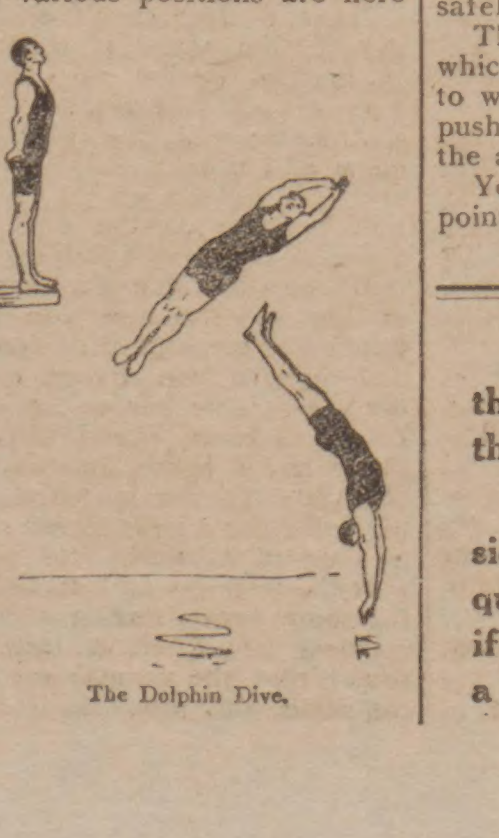
Then grip the front edge of the board with both hands and pull your body and legs right over so that you make a back somersault through the air. You must enter the water feet foremost, and in a perfectly upright position.

A beautiful dive is that known as the "Dolphin," of which the various positions are here illustrated.

Standing erect on the edge of the spring board, toes projecting and hands at the side, you throw your arms up above your head, at the same time springing well up and out.

During your flight through the air you have to twist right over, and this is the difficult part.

However, with practice and increasing confidence you will learn to do it so that at the end you enter the water in precisely the opposite position to that from which you started.



The Dolphin Dive.

One of the most attractive of all dives is the "Swedish Swan Dive."

It may be made either from a standing spring or a run, the latter method looking by far the more effective.

Directly the body is in the air, the head is thrown backwards, and the back sharply hollowed. Simultaneously the legs are straightened and closed, and the arms flung out so as to form a horizontal line with the shoulders.

The Swedish Swan Dive.

This position must be maintained until you are about six feet from the water, when the arms are swung together till the hands touch.

The Back Dive.

The "Swan Dive" is incomparably a "show" dive, for until the last moment it looks as if the diver must fall flat on the water, and spectators always cheer when at the last moment he is seen to shoot downwards and to enter the water safely and cleanly.

Then there is the back dive, to accomplish which stand on the edge of the board, back to water, throw the hands up and backwards, push off with the feet, and turn right over in the air.

You should enter the water with the hands pointing downwards and the body straight.

VICTOR E. BARHAM.

If you think you can write something of interest to the readers of this paper, we are ready to buy it.

Your story or article will be considered and decided upon very quickly, and will be returned to you if unsuitable, provided you enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

THE PLEASURES OF DRESS.

AN EMOTION MEN ARE JUSTIFIED IN CULTIVATING.

Among the many widespread misconceptions regarding dress, one of the most common, and at the same time one that is far from the truth, is that dress does not interest a man.

According to many people—unobservant people as a rule—a man looks the same, feels the same, and behaves himself in the same manner in one suit of clothes as another.

They say, too, that he would be equally pleased with himself, be equally efficient, and be equally well received by his fellow men, if he got up in the morning, put his arms and legs through four holes in a sack, and set out for the City.

All of which is unadulterated rubbish, unredeemed cant, and uninformed twaddle—and anything else you like to call it.

There is no stronger answer to the "dress anyhow" theorists than to see the change in a man when he attains to the dignity of a uniform.

He holds himself differently, walks and talks differently, works better, is more civil and ready to help.

It has been pretended too long that no man thinks with pleasure of his dress. He often thinks quite as much about it as a woman thinks about hers, only a woman takes a more open interest in her dress, and allows it to be a more real part of her hourly enjoyment.

There is nothing in the least undignified, nothing that may not become a man in taking a very keen pleasure in all that relates to the clothing of his body.

And here I would draw a distinction between clothing and the term "adorning," which is often used, erroneously, to signify the same thing as clothing. No man who has any manly feeling can go in for "adorning" his body.

He will keep it in first-class order in every respect, and he will never for a moment appear at a disadvantage, if he can help it, in the matter of clothes, but he will not go the length of altering, or enhancing, or hiding any detail that may not be beautiful.

A man will accept himself as he comes from the hands of the great Potter. If he is made awry—well, he makes the best of it.

What degree of fitness, physical strength and general manliness he can derive from athletics he is ready to accept. But he enjoys these as secondary benefits—secondary to the pleasure of an athletic life.

Similarly with his enjoyment of and pleasure in dressing, he is after all only endeavouring by the aid of dress to live up to, and not down to, his ideas of what is fit and appropriate.

Put on an old suit and go among the well-dressed, and you will experience such a sense of degradation, of being "out of it" of being inwardly and outwardly, mentally, morally, and physically a nobody, that you will understand some of the sources of a man's pleasure in dress.

A guest who goes ill-clad, or inappropriately clad to a gathering not only ensures a miserable time for himself, but he makes others feel awkward, and most of all his host.

If men met women at dances wearing "any old clothes," they would never dance again.

And when next you go to your tailor and feel the rough outlines of that lounge suit gradually being moulded to the design of your shape, and at last turned out so that you slip into it as you only can when it is "made for you," then think whether there is not much legitimate pleasure to be got out of the mere act of dressing.

T. KEMPTON.

A SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

PIKANIK AND OTHERS

Of late the air of loneliness about my bachelor habitation has become the more pronounced. Good Mrs. Hayes, most wise of housekeepers, has given her reading on the matter. She has said that the reason I wander around aimlessly after meals, setting straight pictures that are fractionally askew, twitching at curtains that would be the better for my non-interference, and rearranging knicknacks in unsuitable places, is too utterly plain to any woman of sense. It is that I have no real troubles. I must have either a wife or a dog.

The result (commend me for a judicious selection) is Pikanik, bull-terri r pup, aged four months, by the noted champion, Sam Lavender.

Wonderful to me, because, strangely enough, I have never had a dog of my very own be ore, he sits at this moment at my feet near the right of my canopied camp-chair, and I am at liberty to conjecture (his little pink-rimmed eyes say to me) how long it will be before he makes his third attempt to upset my scribbling pad.

The local dog sharps are already hopeful of him. He has what they term a "good head." For the rest, he is in process of building at present, and the power to come is but hinted at in his shoulders, and his hindquarters are only just emerging from the suspicion of "lollopiness" common to all youthful dogs.

Yet it is this little packet o playfulness (Mrs. Hayes calls it "playfulness," and does not blame him for cutting his teeth on my one-time dancing pumps) who has introduced me to an entirely new world. Previous to the day I proudly tugged him into my kitchen for the inspection of Mrs. Hayes, I lived in an uneventful, barren universe. When I walked out through the village, or swung along the main road townwards, I had nothing but my thoughts to accompany me.

The changing of the hedgerows with the changing seasons, the ploughing, sowing, growing, and reaping of the crops, were all that occupied my eyes. Good things enough in their way, I will grant you, but lacking anything in the manner of excitement. Sometimes there was a wayfarer to beguile the journey. Well, I have all those things still, but in addition I am, by grace of Pikanik, a freeman of dogdom.

In the blank, dogless period of my drear existence I believe I noticed (but I would not swear to it) that there were such dogs in the world as the little wire-haired terrier at the blacksmith's, the hazy mongrel at the shoemaker's, and the spaniel belonging to Worplesdon of the Lone Barn. Old Knowler, the innkeeper, had an Airedale, better known to me than the rest because it was his custom to beg for a ha'penny, and then, climbing on to a chair, place it upon his master's counter, receiving in return ten small buscuits, legend having it that it was impossible to cheat him with a less quantity.

So sorry would any of the frequenters of the Queen's Head Inn have been to have that story disproved, that no man ever allowed even a sceptical stranger to put it to the test; preferring to bear his laughter with conservative fortitude.

But the blacksmith's wire-haired terrier is a personality to me now. I know him as a pugilist of no mean order. Little more than half the size of my pup, our passing by the forge is a signal for him to rush out and bowl over my surprised little companion, not staying to argue the point, but disappearing, as the novelist would say, "as suddenly as he came," leaving a look of supreme injured innocence on the countenance of bewildered Pikanik.

The blacksmith, best of sportsmen, calls out to him that the day is not far distant when he will be able "to towse the little mischief." I translate this to the patrician understanding of my highly-born Pikanik as, "You'll be able to eat him all up in a few months' time, Boy," and we continue on our way.

Yet the assurance of the sporting blacksmith has not been all music to my ears, for the dog fanciers of the village (who take great interest in me nowadays) have informed me jocularly over my gate that to be the owner of a bull-terrier it is necessary to be a fighter oneself, so that the owners of dogs vanquished in fight by the most warlike of the canine breed may leave it at mere monetary damages in exchange for a mauled pet.

At the same time, however, I must admit that I look forward to the day when Pikanik will oust the nondescript mongrel that belongs to the shoemaker. This is a vagabond of dogs, lacking philosophy. It is his delight, so it seems to me, to inveigle innocent puppies that have just had their Sunday morning bath or their week-day chalking into a village-urchin game around the dung-heap that is the castle of the village chanticleer. The honours of vanquishing that noisy bird are not fully won, it seems, unless one returns with one's coat thoroughly innocent of a single white hair.

On mornings when this game takes place I can almost swear that Pikanik, who has a youthful liking for bad companions, has made this arrangement overnight by the telepathy that is the language of dogdom, for surely enough it is always on days when the carrier pulls up to ask my orders—three times a week—that Pikanik, under the cover afforded by the cart, makes a strategic move in the direction of the shoemaker's. The carrier has an amusing tongue and an easy-going manner, a respect for Isaiah's direction that "he that believeth shall not make haste," and a mundane motto to the effect that it is "no use a-killin' y'rself t' kip y'rself." Wherefore it is several minutes before I remember the existence of Pikanik.

The shoemaker looks up to my query. No, he's danged if he has seen my pup. But a yelping behind his wooden shanty apprises me of Pikanik's whereabouts. I am in time to see a Talana-Hill-like vanquishing, by flank movement, of Chanticleer and his harem. Before I kick the mongrel he bestows a sniff of appreciation on my now somewhat frightened Pikanik.

"You're coming on, old boy," he says to him. "You ain't such a bad 'un for a pup. You *will* be a devil one day, like me!"

I am glad that Pikanik, as befits a member of a good family, finds something that is not altogether palatable in these remarks. After all, a lark is a lark, certainly, but—to be like the shoemaker's mongrel! Great Spratts!

He gets a beating for it, of course, but of a very light variety, because he looked, during that conversation with the mongrel, so much like the nice little boy in the Eton suit caught with his collar awry after a bit of rough playing with the urchin, and a little ashamed of his companionship, although he is too much of a man to attempt to disown him.

Puppies, like boys, however, are the better for friends if they are of good character. Worplesdon's old spaniel is the friend I allow to Pikanik. He bears an unsullied character, is as venerable as a sidesman on Sunday, but, unlike over-respectable people, he is thoroughly sporting. He possesses a great attraction for Pikanik, as he has long drooping ears which he allows all puppies to bite playfully while he is lying down.

You may nibble at his shaggy toes and sprawl all your four legs over his back, but you get nipped on the nose if you go for the loose folds of his throat. If you have been left in his charge by your master you get severely barked at if you attempt to run off with any common chaps that are not worthy of the name of dog.

Note, also, that you get smacked on the shoulder by your master if you attempt to desert him, while, if you stick to his company, you have full licence to run along nose to ground all the length of Big Dyke. Ah, yes, the old brown dog is a very good old sportsman in his way. Of course he is old-fashioned in his ideas, and some of his retrieving stories are a bit tall; but, there, he has got your welfare at heart.

I am glad to say that I believe the friendship of Pikanik and Worplesdon's spaniel is really all that can be expected, allowing for the discrepancy of ages.

Yes, he is not a bad little merchant, and, really, I am beginning to look very anxiously forward to that time of distemper—a malady which in my dogless days had no meaning to me nor, did I think, to anyone else. Merely a dog's ailment.

I have corrected him severely when he has been at fault, I have cursed him for not following me nearer at heel; once, when the cat that presides over the hearthrug in the house of Knowler lacerated his ear and drew blood in four other places, I dressed his wounds and told him that it was no use for him to lick my face and playfully bite my fingers. He had been a bad dog to upset Dinah's kittens right out of their hearth-side basket, and it served him right.

But in these days I do not wish to continue conversation with anyone versed in dog-lore who comes up to me and says:

"Nice pup of yours, that. Hasn't had distemper yet, has he? *I* had a rare nice pup once, and, poor little man, I lost——"

I remember then that I must get up the hill because I have some letters to write. I like reminiscences about dogs, but in the manner of timorous young ladies who read the last pages of a book before starting at the beginning—just to see that it safely ends up happily all right—I do not like sad endings to dog stories.

That I fear the hundred to one chance of this sort in Pikanik's case is, I know, too plain to Mrs. Hayes when having got him into his basket bed for the night I call her in to see him, and, being aware that she knows all things, asks her what I must do when he gets that dread distemper, when a sneeze (the leading dog sharp has described it) shakes the foundations of my happiness, and running up to him I find his eyes watering.

"Oh, daresay he'll be all right," says Mrs. Hayes. I catch her checking herself from telling me not to worry—which would be her formula over any little trouble of my own.

For a long time the lack of this reassuring advice bothered me sadly. Perhaps it was (I thought fearfully) that she *could not conscientiously tell me not to worry!* But the solution came when I noticed that the knicknacks were back in their old places.

As a man I had my trouble, and thus my domicile was once again entirely ruled over by the lady thereof.

WHISKY-AND-SODA.

When you are going to use a fresh syphon of soda water, always squirt off a little, before diluting your whisky. The reason of this is that there is always a little powdered lead in the inside of the stem of a new syphon, and it is advisable to wash this away. Either shake up a full bottle of whisky or throw away the first thimbleful, for a certain amount of crude spirit always rises to the top.

There are those who say that the more water you put into your whisky, the quicker it rises to your head.

Never follow whisky-and-soda with whisky-and-water; the mixture is dangerous.

RANDOM SUGGESTIONS THAT MAY HELP YOU TO SELECT THE PLACE FOR YOUR SUMMER VACATION

holiday-Making

It is often better to know the general characteristics of a district rather than the details of the guide-book, when selecting a holiday centre.

In this page a vast area of holiday playgrounds is covered in a very few inches of print, but the particular, the detail, has been purposely left out, and an endeavour has been made to give readers a general idea of the character ot the areas mentioned.

In some cases several counties have been grouped together, but this has only been done when they form a uniform area so far as their scenery and other characteristics are concerned.

Two more points, and then, away over the country! First, the districts here mentioned have been dealt with from the point of view of their distinctive types of scenery; and, secondly, an endeavour has been made to give just an illuminating hint or two with regard to the characteristics of the people; so that those whose interest is in the country, and those whose interests are as much in human character, have been remembered.

Let us be off, then, and suit our many tastes from Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and dear old England itself.

IN THE CHALK DOWN COUNTRY.

There has of late arisen a strong feeling for an inland holiday. The sea—at seaside resorts—is something of a deadening influence on many people. It is so easy to drone away day by day in a deck chair while the band plays.

The cyclist or the walker, as well as the generally active man, wants something less enervating.

If only he knew it, there is at his very door, almost, such a downland paradise as would fill him with an endless joy.

This district runs through Berkshire, Wiltshire, and Oxfordshire and part of Hampshire. These four counties have an immense amount of high open chalk downland which has the merit—the great merit—of being very near London, compared with the average resort, and yet of being indescribably remote from all that is rushing and busy.

There are rolling ranges one after another over which blow the most exhilarating breezes; and the ranges are divided by some of the most peaceful vales where the yeoman farmer and the quiet, full life of the old English agriculturist are still undisturbed by modern luxury.

Hungerford, Reading, Wantage, Swindon, Marlborough, and Winchester are all good points from which to know this care-free, upland roaming ground. These are towns into which one can go and see the best of English provincial life, where the good old ways are not extinct.

WHY NOT SCOTLAND?

Many people go to parts of France, Belgium, and elsewhere abroad for a complete change from England. But why not stay in one's own land and try what Scotland can do?

The man who wants a much broken land, where all Nature's ideas are on a more rugged and altogether grander scale than in pastoral England, Scotland has everything to offer.

There is an enlarging, calming influence in the strength that seems to be the chief characteristic of Scotch scenery. It is never petty, but it is an area in which a strong man may rejoice, and where he will be forced to admire the grandeur which is much less common south of the Border.

And as for the people; well, no two "foreigners" have the same list of adjectives, but all agree about their heartiness—when you know them.

A LAND OF ROMANCE.

One can only deal with Somersetshire, and its many merits, alone. Here is the land of romance, whence spring all the oldest and most fragrant legends in our history. And

well they might, for Somersetshire is an epitome of all that is beautiful in England.

Survey the county in the mind's eye. There are ranges of lovely inviting hills that break the land into waves of beauty.

Between them are the famed levels that once were shallow seas. There are valleys "deep meadow'd, happy, fair, with orchard lawns and bowery hollows," and there are open hill tops, grand cliffs, and glimpses of a glittering sea.

In the villages, where life in summer is like the slow buzzing of a drowsy bee, a holiday-maker can "heal him of his grievous wounds" sustained in the fights of commerce.

EAST ANGLIA'S WIDE SKIES.

Not every nature takes kindly to East Anglia. "So flat and monotonous," say those who have not yet come under the spell of its peculiar fascinations.

But East Anglia is, without doubt, one of the most restful spaces in all the Kingdom.

The eye that has, for a full year, been bounded by buildings across the road; the ear that has been assaulted by the day-and-night-long clatter of ceaseless traffic; and the mind that has been too concentrated on ledger details, stock books, figures, orders, invoices, money, and all the mean things of work and business, will all alike expand again into a healthful ease in these level sweeping vistas of sea and land.

The horizon recedes far, far back into the mists of the edge of the world, as it were, and a silence and peace dwell always over the levels.

The loneliness has bred an independence of mind in the scattered inhabitants of the plains, but it is an independence that is not intolerant of other views. An East Anglian welcome may not be effusive, but it is as real as that of Yorkshire.

Here, with a cycle, one can traverse immense distances and all the time retain the sense of the companionship of the town and the welcome of an inn, for there are no hills to hide the haunts of man. Ten miles away the lights of the town sparkle through the dusk, and guide one's way to light and merriment, for in the coast towns the summer is a gay and lively period.

WOLDS AND DALES.

And speaking of a Yorkshire welcome brings me to that county, standing alone, as an ideal holiday place.

It must be something in the bracing air and in the rugged hillsides where so many of the villages are perched that gives to the Yorkshire character its rugged strength. Like it or not, as you may, you cannot help admiring it.

You meet it everywhere—as often in the deep river valleys, the famous dales, as on the bleaker wolds and uplands.

Wolds and dales are the two extremes of Yorkshire's beauty, and in physical fact they are mountains asunder.

Passing from one to the other is like passing from one country to another, except that always there is the same strong character in the people.

As a land of good fare and solid comfort, too, the holiday-maker will find it first-rate; while, as for its health-giving air—I speak from actual personal experience—there is none like it.

IN GREEN, MOIST IRELAND.

Every man ought to spend a holiday in Ireland. You might go to the Cannibal Islands, or to any other corner of the whole world, and not find a people so utterly different from all other human beings.

The Irish must be known from daily contact to be understood, and then you will not understand them—if this piece of Irish may be permitted.

They are a tantalising, lovable lot of people, and they are immensely proud of the Green Isle.

What to the tourist is so important, they are just as anxious that you, too, should think well of it, and they will do anything to help you to do so.

In scenery it has much of England and much of Scotland, but the two are so blended as to result in something unlike either.

Those who like to feel at home in the fullest sense of the phrase, with those among whom they happen to live for a brief holiday, should visit Ireland.

A wilder, softer, greener England, it is in scenery.

SUSSEX BY THE SEA.

This fair land, as Kipling sings of it, has many points in its favour. There is both seaside and countryside close at hand, and one may walk through the county at its narrowest in a long day's march.

There is the Sussex of the sea-belt, where the whole world at one time or another every year makes holiday. The centre of this belt of endless gaiety is Brighton, the world-famed.

But, happily, there is the Sussex of the Downs and the Weald. Who that has once tramped the Downs has not sung their praises? The place is a paradise, unspoiled, yet easily reached; a high, breezy land, looking on one side to the silver Channel, always within reach of the bather; and on the other side the pastoral, quiet, village-dotted Weald, where there is room in farm and cottage for every tired worker.

And all this may be reached for next to nothing by the dweller in London.

WALES FOR THE CLIMBER.

By way of sharp contrast, we may turn our thoughts to Wales. Wales is one in all its holiday characteristics. That it is rapidly becoming very popular is only one proof of its varied beauty. One must be a good walker to enjoy Wales.

There are mountains outside every village, and he who would spend his days high above the fever and the fret of towns should find some spot in the Principality from which he could wander at will over mountain and moor.

Absolute unlikeness to the better known more frequented resorts and districts of the Kingdom is the chief characteristic of Wales.

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY.

For all practical holiday purposes one may group Cornwall and Devon together. The change from one county to the other is so slight that they are in many ways still one, though under two names.

Again, as in so many far corners of the land, one can depend on the heartiest of welcomes and the choicest of fare. Clotted cream and Cornish pasties have world-wide reputations.

The mountainous playgrounds of Exmoor and Dartmoor, the quiet, hidden nooks and villages, the ragged and romantic coasts, the busy little fishing ports beloved of artists, and the grandeur of the rocks and the great Atlantic flood, inspire and interest all who ever come this way.

Here is lived a life so remote from cities that even London, the Empire's heart, becomes merely a place to which at long intervals there are cheap excursions.

ne can forget London in a Devon inn or a ish farm without coaxing oneself into it.

"HAUNTED, HOLY GROUND."

you would make your holiday a sort of pil- age, if you would spend your days where the t ones of the earth lived and moved and had being, there are many hallowed spots.

leafy Warwickshire you may walk or cycle d a county whose every acre has memories associations, springing from that quaint, old e at Stratford-on-Avon.

arwickshire is not, from its scenery alone, a county. Nevertheless, quite apart from its kespeare associations, it is a varied, woody, y land, perhaps above the average a little.

THE LAKES.

rther north both human associations and ic beauty tend to make the famous Lake rict an ideal holiday ground.

ere England shows herself at the zenith of her ty—which is saying much.

t it is a little expensive, and unless you are a g Wordsworth follower you may find the present spirit of that great poet something of turbing influence.

t the Lake District is in every sense grand.

ISLANDS OF PLEASURE.

he list is hardly begun, but the space is over- already. One or two more "good things" however, be named. There is the Isle of where summer is a perpetual free-and-easy ival.

here is the Isle of Wight, more sedate but beautiful.

here is the Kentish farm, with clustering fruit climbing hops.

here is "Dorset dear," the quaintest, simplest, secluded county in England.

nd there is infinitely more besides, but these t suffice for to-day.

C. EASTON-GREY.

TTING BACK YOUR FORM.

ME HINTS WHEN YOU TAKE UP YOUR GAMES AGAIN.

here is, perhaps, nothing of which one so ly loses the "knack" as a sport or game; a man whose business has been keeping employed for some months from the time rising until the hour for bed will find n next he gets an opportunity, say, for a nd of golf or a sett at tennis, that he is ead out of form."

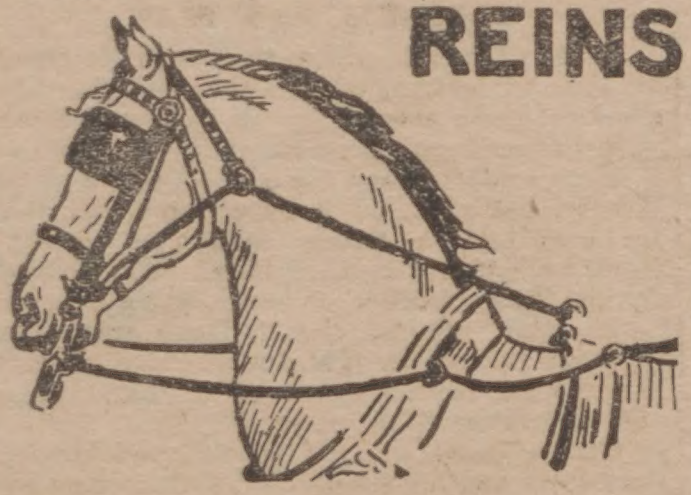
n one game you will often "get the ck" again fairly rapidly, because it is bably more a question of bodily fitness anything else; whereas in another you will e longer because "eye," "touch" and all ts of complicated senses and faculties are olved.

The billiard-player, or the golfer, will ain "off colour" for a considerable time, ereas the boxer's quickness, punching wer, and so on will soon come back to n, because boxing is more of a physical a mental process.

Strange to say, however, the rowing man apt to lose the "knack" very badly as a uit of prolonged inaction, whereas the otballer, despite the fact that one would dit his game with more brainwork, gets k his form almost after the first game.

The high-jumper, again, has to keep in nstant practice, or he will go off very badly. perhaps the best hint that could be given any player of games who is doomed to mporary inaction, is to read books on his vourite game. In this way although his nbs will not be exercised, and may become newhat out of condition, his brain, on the her hand, will be kept up to concert pitch; d he will find, on taking up the game gain, that he has not—or has only to a very ght extent—lost the "knack."

BEARING REINS



AUTHORITATIVE OPINIONS AS TO THEIR UTILITY.

Should a horse be driven with bearing reins?

The question is one which is very frequently raised, and one which is of interest to all who are fond of horses.

There are many who consider that the use of a bearing rein is cruel, and also that it is unnecessary, while, on the other hand, there are many who believe that a bearing rein causes a horse no discomfort, and is, in many ways, of the highest utility.

In order to obtain information from men who are likely to know, we wrote to the following gentlemen, and have much pleasure in printing their replies.

We cordially invite further correspondence from all readers interested in the matter.

FROM THE KING'S STABLES.

The first reply is from Captain the Hon. W. C. W. Fitzwilliam, Crown Equerry.

He writes:

"I am desired by the Master of the Horse to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th inst., on the subject of bearing reins. This subject was fully dealt with by my predecessor a comparatively short time ago, and the correspondence which passed between him and the Secretary of the Anti-Bearing Rein Society was published in "The Times." Beyond saying that, in view of the valuable lives that are in our charge, I consider the judicious use of the bearing rein advisable, I cannot now deal with the subject, for pressure of Coronation and other work prohibits my entering into a lengthy discussion."

The next is from Mr. C. Loveridge, Secretary of Messrs. Thomas Tilling, Ltd., who own more horses of all classes than any other firm in London.

WHAT TWO BIG FIRMS SAY.

He says:

"You are quite welcome to my views for what they are worth.

"As horses' mouths vary to a great extent, it is in some cases almost impossible to drive them without the aid of a bearing rein, but at all times it should be adjusted and fixed by a thoroughly practical man.

"In the case of draft horses the bearing rein is not necessary."

The third is from Messrs. M. and W. Milton, Jobmasters, of Park Lane, who supply very many of the horses used by people in Society. They write:

"In answer to your letter, we beg to say that we consider bearing reins are very essential to horses that are worked in town, but for country use the bearing rein is really not needed.

"In all cases, bearing reins should be used with discretion, because in some cases the horse or horses do not need them to be tight.

"Big horses should always be driven in bearing reins, and especially in town, because when they are stopped in traffic they are liable to get their heads down and catch hold of their bits, and get their bits fixed into their collars, and so cause an accident.

"It would be very difficult to train a young horse to harness without a bearing rein.

"In our opinion, bearing reins are not only safeguards, but are very essential."

CORPORATION HORSES.

The final letter comes from Mr. E. J. Elford, C.E., the Borough Engineer and Surveyor of Southend-on-Sea. He writes:

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 13th inst.

"At the instance of the Anti-Bearing Rein Association, I have had the bearing rein removed from a number of the Corporation horses and have watched the effect. As the result of this experiment, although I am of opinion that the use of a tight bearing rein is quite inexcusable, I am inclined to think that a bearing rein, if kept loose, does serve a useful purpose.

"Many of our horses are engaged upon road scavenging, and upon the collection of house refuse and its delivery to shoots, and we have found that the horses are inclined, when standing in the street or upon the refuse at the shoot, to pick up garbage unless restrained from doing so by a bearing rein.

THE LOOSE BEARING REIN.

"The loose bearing rein as used by us appears to prevent the driving rein from getting round the point of the shaft, and also to prevent the horses from getting their heads too low when starting with a heavy load, and so causing the collar to nip the lower part of the throat, and interfere with respiration.

"I quite realise the difficulty of determining when a bearing rein is loose and when it is tight, and this is largely a matter of opinion but I think it would be safe to assume tha when a bearing rein does not keep th horse's head more than fifteen to eighteen inches above the ground, it is not likely to cause the horse any pain or inconvenience."

AMATEUR UMPIRES AT CRICKET.

SOME GOOD STORIES.

We have most of us heard of the nobleman's butler who was called upon to umpire in a scratch game in which his master was captaining a side against his tenants, and who, when the former was bowled, announced gravely, "Not at home, my lord." While this has only the merit of being "well found," there are many good stories told about novices at the business of umpiring which have the additional value of veracity.

In the absence of one of the usual arbiters during a cricket "festival" at the beginning of the season at a big seaside resort, a local clergyman was pressed into the service; and in order that he might count the "overs," he was supplied with six coppers to pass, one after the other, from hand to hand in the ordinary way.

But after a while he was observed to be consistently giving each over one ball short, and this fact was pointed out to him by one of the bowlers.

"Dear! dear!" was the reverend gentleman's reply. "So I am! I fear I must have dropped one of my pennies!" And he had.

On another occasion, a batsman, in playing hard forward at a fast ball, caught the bowler's umpire a tremendous whack in the "Little Mary" with it. Imagine his amazement to hear the official, on gathering himself up, announce between a gasp and a shout, "*Out* you go! You may not have done it on purpose, but I'm not taking any more risks!"

C. C. HOWELL.

THE HUMAN SIDE

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

FEAR.

All of us have suffered from fear during some period of our lives, but few of us have analysed this emotion.

I myself regard it as a survival of the dark ages, when no man's life was safe and no man's brain had developed sufficiently to admit of philosophy or common-sense.

The most primitive kind of fear is the fear of the unseen, the apprehension of some danger which we cannot perceive. This accounts for the nervousness felt by so many town-dwellers when in the country.

Their surroundings are strange, they are not accustomed to the weird noises that disturb the stillness of the country during the hours of darkness. The moon casts great shadows, great patches of silvery white, which puzzle the eye of the town-dweller who is accustomed to the blaze of gas and electricity.

If he is alone on a country road after dark, his echoing footsteps suggest to his quivering nerves that he is being followed. He looks over his shoulder and peers through the unaccustomed gloom without being able to discern his pursuer. His sense of self-preservation instinctively causes him to stop and face this unseen danger. The sound of pursuing footsteps ceases simultaneously.

He hurries on, and again the echo of his footsteps rings out, keeping pace with him. And even though his common-sense comes to his rescue and he realises the true cause of his fear, the shriek of an owl, the scuttling of rats in the hedges, the croaking of frogs, all tend to intensify the eeriness of his surroundings.

Stories of ghosts and highwaymen, of lonely pedestrians waylaid and foully murdered creep through his unwilling mind, and he experiences a great sense of relief upon reaching the friendly inn or humble cottage which is his destination.

A COUNTRYMAN'S FEAR IN LONDON.

The countryman, accustomed to loneliness, conversant with the cries and noises of various animals, acquainted with his fellow inhabitants, is apt to scoff and ridicule the town man's fear. But let him find himself alone in London at, say, two or three in the morning, when the streets are deserted save for an occasional policeman or belated pedestrian, and he will experience in another form much the same sensations as the town man in the country.

The endless miles of bricks and mortar, with their hundreds of gaping doorways, dark arches, narrow alleys, and sharp turnings, will suggest a hundred unseen dangers to his mind. He will picture to himself the lurking assassin or crouching hooligan, will remember countless tales of murder and assault, of robbery and of violence, and will in all probability be equally pleased to reach his couch as the town man in the country.

It is the unusualness of their surroundings which causes these fears. They do not know their ground, and therefore lose much of their self-assurance.

Their imaginations have been excited by the Yellow Press, which is always so greedy to exploit with revolting fullness crimes and tragedies of both town and country. And in their loneliness they are apt to forget that the papers give no account of the millions of belated pedestrians who reach their homes without incident, without adventure.

Reassuring statistics which prove that the percentage of violent deaths is infinitely small are apt to bring no comfort when the nerves of the lonely man have been set quivering by the grim humour of the night.

DARKNESS AND FEAR.

It is not at all strange that darkness should set fear in motion, when we realise that when mankind came into being his greatest enemies were the wild animals that stalk by night.

Time, and the progress of man, removed that danger, but replaced it by one even greater; for man became strong enough to turn his hand against his brother man. King fought against king, border baron against border baron, clan against clan. These wars, both great and petty, brought with them their complement of forced marches, of night raids, and of nocturnal surprises.

Woods, commons, and lonely roads became the happy hunting ground of highwayman and hooligan, and all these things served to intensify man's terror of darkness.

To-day king fights against king without physical danger to the civilian. Border barons no longer exist, and the power of the highwayman and the hooligan is discounted and minimised by a well-organised police force and modern inventions of rapid inter-communication, by means of which a hue and cry is raised from which the highwayman and hooligan but rarely escape.

At night the temperature, becoming considerably cooler, causes furniture and wainscotting to contract and emit strange and ghastly noises which have been the foundation of countless ghost stories and innumerable superstitions. So great was the power of this phenomenon in mediæval times that a clause was inserted in the Litany which read somewhat as follows: "From all things that go boom in the night, Good Lord deliver us." It is scarcely necessary to add that with the increase of science this clause was removed.

AN EERIE EXPERIENCE.

Most ghost stories can be accounted for by science. For example, a young man staying at a hotel in one of our large manufacturing towns was given a bedroom which contained a large *armoire*.

He had been hard at business the whole day, and it was not until late at night that he found time to write his report to his firm. Suddenly there was a slight creak, the door of the *armoire* flew open, and the clock struck two.

He thought nothing of it until the following night, when, being unable to sleep, he was lying in bed reading. The *armoire* door again creaked and swung slowly open; the clock struck two.

Not being of a timid or superstitious disposition, the young man jumped out of bed and thoroughly examined the *armoire*, but could find no explanation of the coincidence.

The next night he stayed up with his watch beside him, and just before two the *armoire* door swung open again.

Surely, with the average man or woman the repetition of this phenomenon would have roused superstitious fears, and in all probability have founded a ghost story. The young man in question was, however, of an extremely practical turn of mind, and determined to solve the problem on more scientific lines.

The solution proved to be somewhat Gilbertian. It happened that the hotel was built near the railway station, through which the down express dashed at one minute to two, causing a slight vibration throughout the hotel, which was sufficient to unhasp the latch of the warped *armoire*.

FEAR OF PUBLIC OPINION.

It is such explanations as these which are responsible for the decline of witchcraft. We are no longer racked by the same type of fears as our ancestors and forefathers. But many of us are the victims of a newer form of nervousness. We are afraid of public opinion, of ridicule, of libel.

To be afraid of public opinion is very bad. It impedes progress, it stifles our originality, it chokes our self-assurance. A man need never be afraid of holding an unusual opinion should he first have satisfied himself that it is clean, honest, and just.

BEING LAUGHED AT.

To be ridiculed is the fate of all pioneers, and if they are sufficiently engrossed in their pursuits they need not fear the laughter of others and may comfort themselves by remembering that derision is the ever-ready weapon of the ignorant.

Man's first instinct is to deride or fear that which he cannot understand.

Another form of modern fear is the terror of traffic, the dread of crossing a busy crowded street. The horror of poisons and drugs wrongly used, the fear of electricity, the nervous apprehension of railway accidents, the bogey of financial ruin and foreign competition—all these fears are as real and as terrible as the terrors of the night; more so, for they are with us night and day.

And so it behoves us to remember that most of us have braved the roaring traffic, and in the sick room have made acquaintance with both poisons and drugs; most of us have, in some form or another, used electricity; and that flowers, animals, man, all Nature, in fact, have to struggle for existence, competing one against the other, the first law of Nature being the survival of the fittest.

MENTAL TREATMENT OF FEAR.

You may fear as your ancestors feared, you may dread sudden death at the hands of a law-breaker; but the odds are greatly against the law-breaker singling you out as his victim, and you have also civilisation, law, order, and the police to weigh the odds more heavily in your favour.

And again, should you be chosen as a victim by burglar or hooligan, and you determine, frightened or not, to put in a good defence, the odds are even that, without civilisation or the police, you may overcome your opponent. It is not always the wrong-doer who triumphs.

You may have a firm belief in ghosts and the supernatural, and may not be reassured by scientific exposures. Have you seen a ghost yourself? Most probably not. But you have doubtless known a man, who knew a man whose friend's sister saw a ghost. It is always, or nearly always, three or four people away; and a tale repeated by four people is rather apt to get enlarged upon, exaggerated, and finally astonish the world as a full-blown ghost story.

If you are hit by a thunder-bolt or struck by lightning, being afraid beforehand will not have helped you. But if you argue with yourself against fear, if you attempt to train yourself to keep your head, to control your emotions, to recognise common-sense and cultivate instantaneous action in a crisis, you will lessen the danger of those terrible panics which sometimes attend shipwrecks, floods, and fires.

The operating table will lose half its terror if you centre your thoughts upon getting well rather than upon the dangers that lurk with the surgeon's knife or the anæsthetist's bottle. And even your dentist will no longer appear like a heartless ghoul or Spanish Inquisitor, but rather as a man who is about to rid you of a decayed and aching tooth which is undermining your constitution, shattering your nerves, and generally making your body a receptacle for both ancient and modern fears.

[*We shall print another article of this series next week.*—EDITOR.]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

KERNAHAN'S OUTSIDERS

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Sergeant-Major Brighton, of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry, looked down the list with something of a frown. Camp was over, and in a surprising manner camp rumours — things that so rarely materialise—appeared to be making themselves good.

Most uncommunicative was that venerated staff non.-com. of Squadron "B" that evening as he crossed the Yeomanry Room and, typewritten sheet in hand, took by force of habit his accustomed wicker armchair.

"Danged if I sha'n't be the only one of the Old Brigade left in a minute," he sighed wearily.

Kernahan, in common with the rest of an apathetic crowd of periodical readers, cocked a wise eye over the top of his sheetful of dully adverse comment on the Chancellor of the Exchequer and permitted himself to feel sorry for the Sergeant-Major.

He was as entirely surprised as the 'Major that the half-score or so of men, ancient malcontents at camp, had really carried out their duly announced intention of putting in their resignation as soon as the last Government-subsidised, cab-trained cavalry horse had been entrained for Bremouth, home, and beauty.

It was the old cry among this contingent, whose delight it was to get the full enjoyment out of camp by going through the sixteen days under the broad-arrow ticketed canvas for all the world as if it were their last training.

"Ah, well, you boys," was the burthen of their song, "may as well enjoy ourselves, because we're chucking it after this. No more playing at soldiers for us, *mes enfants*."

And as a reason for this excuse to behave riotously on all occasions, and to hold "farewell" fried-fish suppers (eightpence a time and washed down with the wine of Epernay), some said they had not the time for it, others (banteringly) that the old Sergeant-Major and his weary homilies on discipline took the gold out of the sunbeams. There were further remarks, such as:

"Devine and his eternal burblings about efficiency make me ill."

"Can't stand that new Second-Lieutenant. He's such a bumptious little beggar."

"What's 'B' Squadron coming to? It was always run by the aristocracy, certainly, but in *my* time they were men, and you could look up to 'em."

Yet in previous years it had been safe to throw sarcastic remarks across space to the component parts of this Goodbye-to-the-Yeomanry outfit.

Kernahan, holding gleeful field-days on these occasions, was free to ask when they were going to hand in their uniform and whether he could assist them in lugging back their saddlery. It was met by such a reply as: "Don't be a funny fool. You don't imagine we're going to leave the wing of our dear old foster-chicken, the Sergeant-Major, do you? What do you think 'ud become of our giddy morals?"

And some would add a similar query with regard to the regiment, justly receiving a reply to the effect that it would be a considerable period before they were sent for.

To night, however, things were sadly changed. Victory was with the spoilers of Israel; they wielded the two-edged sword of sarcasm; theirs was the loftiness of observation from a superior eminence.

The Sergeant-Major, perplexed over his typewritten document, was more their prisoner than a slave proved traitor in the household of the Caliph.

Yet, striving to hide that which plucked at his breast, the Sergeant-Major, leaning over towards some of the delinquents (ostentatiously paying a visit "for old times' sake" in conspicuous mufti on a depleted Morris-Tube night), hoped they would come up and see their old comrades occasionally. The room was, of course, always free to them.

"And," he added (while Kernahan cursed him for his weakness), "there is such a thing as rejoining. Bet you men will miss it, you know."

Among the resignations were included what a banker would call "good names"—men who for seven and eight years had been efficient in the rank and file, godfathers of recruits, reassurers of nervous young officers. Kernahan knew that the Squadron could ill spare them, but he could have wished that the Major, in his suggesting that the secessors would miss the Territorial work, had not made it so plain that it was the Squadron that would do the lamenting.

However, when one man handed Kernahan a sixpenny piece and asked him to be so good as to order and pay for a whisky-and-soda for him, on the ground that it was illegal for a non-member of a club to call for alcoholic refreshment, that redoubtable trooper said a few words entirely to himself before making an audible reply.

"You can order it yourself. We aren't so particular," said Kernahan, mildly. "S'pose we shall see you sometimes?"

"Oh, yes, now and then," said the civilian loftily.

Kernahan nodded.

"Of course," he said, "we shall have plenty of room for you for a fortnight or so, but then there'll be the new recruits, and—well, this room isn't made to hold more than about three-quarters of our strength as it is."

The hint was plain.

The ex-trooper caught Kernahan's note of contempt, and saw that he had flicked the senior rank and file man on the raw—a thing in which he gloried, for Kernahan, poker-player-wise, rarely put his cards on the table unless someone or other paid to see them.

"I don't think we need worry about that. Chaps of the right sort for this Squadron aren't easy to pick up."

"Bubble!" said Kernahan. "I could fill the vacancies by to-morrow night—with horsemen, not chaps who join for swank and don't know a horse's head from his tail. . . . There are some like that, you know, old man. Every year they grumble at camp because they have to go through the formality of rolling their own cloaks, and they say that that camp 'll be their last."

"Now, that's bally unfair!" said the ex-trooper with some heat. "Did you ever know *me*——"

"Did I say you?" asked Kernahan quietly.

The civilian settled back to his paper. Kernahan had returned his fire with some effect.

"My contention still is that there'll be room for us," he said, a little confusedly, "unless you fill it with a lot of outsiders."

Kernahan looked round the apartment.

"It isn't a very over-big room, is it?" he said innocently. "And it's wonderful how crowded it is to-night."

He leaned over to the Sergeant-Major.

"How many vacancies, 'Major?" he asked.

"Just a half-score, Mr. Kernahan."

"Really?" said Kernahan, negligently. "'Major, I shall have ten names to submit as recruits this day week."

* * * * * * *

Kernahan had been bearing it very well for some time. The ex-troopers had turned up in force, and, inspecting the notice board upon which custom decreed that the names of intending recruits should be posted, they had gloried for that there was a blank under the heading "Recruits introduced by Tpr. Kernahan."

The Sergeant-Major, who had typed out the heading ready for Kernahan to subscribe each name with a triumphant flourish (and thus assist to give full effect to the halo of his victory), was distinctly uneasy when, coming in late, he saw the ghastly virginity of that sheet.

"Ah, well," the 'Major ruminated, "I was afraid he was taking on too big a thing this time."

Yet he was a little proud that men worthy to become members of Squadron "B" were hard to find. He had set a high standard at the outset. It had been maintained. A trooper introducing a new man was, by an unwritten rule, expected to take full responsibility for that recruit, to godfather him, to guarantee that he was "white," and to give to an unofficial committee of his compeers proof that he was fitted to become a member of Squadron "B."

The unofficial committee was present in each man of a year's service in that room that night. They were kind enough not to ask Kernahan any question regarding that futile notice. They became interested in papers, they discussed anything but recruits and the training of them.

The ex-troopers offered sarcasm veiled in the garb of commiseration. "Young Masker said he'd have offered to join, Kernahan," said one, "if his guv'nor wasn't in such a seedy way at present. Some mornings the old chap can't get to the office."

"Masker?" said Kernahan, inquiringly.

"Yes; Masker, the wine merchant's son. You must know him. Usually on the pier in the afternoon with some girl or other. They call him—why, I forget his christian name. But they nickname him 'Socks.' Awf'ly nice chap. Keen on riding."

Kernahan laughed.

"Oh, I know the youth," he said. "Got chucked off a couple of years ago, and hasn't had the pluck to get on a donkey since."

"How d'you know that?"

"Why, I'm pals with his groom. He told me something about it."

"Then there was Merringham——"

"The chap with the motor-bike? Yes. He wanted us to form a motor-cycle corps for him in —I think it was '08. But we've still got a leaning to the old-fashioned horse. We're not keen on being dubbed the Petrol Paraders — are we, 'Major?"

Kernahan looked at the clock.

"If you'd hand me down that list, Stephen," he said.

Trooper Stephen, detaching the drawing-pins, handed the blank sheet to Trooper Kernahan.

"Never mind, old boy," said the Sergeant-Major quietly and kindly. "I thought you'd find it too big an order. Under these new conditions," he added gloomily, "men aren't so keen as they were . . . even to get into our lot."

Strangely enough, Kernahan did not respond with any word of thanks for his sympathy. He merely drummed his fingers on the paper, causing the Sergeant-Major to be surprised at his want of tact in thus further drawing attention to it.

"Well, 'Major," he said loudly, "I can't give you the names of my ten recruits."

"For a very natural reason," put in an ex-trooper, missing the true art of the dramati-

cally triumphant—which is effective restraint at such moments as this.

Kernahan, the gleam of the successful trapper in his eye, pounced on that man's words, and had him kicking in his net with a quiet: "Yes, a very natural reason, because I'm not quite certain of their names, but"—he looked at the clock that marked the stroke of nine—"if Stephen'll kindly let 'em in they can give 'em themselves."

Trooper Stephen opened the door and disappeared on to the landing.

"Come up, you men!" they heard him call out.

"All of 'em there?" asked Kernahan, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Stephen, above the noise of heavy boots resounding on the wooden stairway, "every one of 'em."

"I thought they would be," said Kernahan.

He turned to the mufti-clothed visitors who stood, cap in hand, and rather taken aback by the manner of their introduction, around the door.

"As four of 'em are milkmen, three drivers of baker's carts, two vanmen, and one under-ostler at the Meteor Hotel—well, they've got a certain system with regard to time. Also, they're sportsmen, and they promised me they'd be here at nine o'clock."

Kernahan favoured the company with a comprehensive glance.

"Stephen," he called out suddenly, "ask the chaps to walk down to the Sergeant-Major's office. We'll be along in a minute."

Amid a dead silence in the Yeomanry Room the recruits clumped down the outer stairs.

Stephen closed the door behind them, and still for a moment no one spoke.

Trooper Kernahan, the one man standing in the room, had his right hand on the back of a chair orator-wise, his head thrown back a little defiantly.

"Speech! Speech!" called one of the ex-troopers, not unkindly, but after the manner of camp suppers.

The next second Kernahan had collapsed into his chair, turned it round palaver fashion, and, leaning forward, had opened with "Why—why, my dear old pals all——"

And then, absurdly enough, he stopped.

"First of all," he went on, after a hot-cheeked pause, "I want to know if I've offended——"

"Rot!"

"Don't be a vapid ass!"

"You couldn't offend us, old K.!"

"Well"—there was no mistaking the clear flush of genuine pleasure in Kernahan's face—"I want to give you my reasons——"

The Sergeant-Major dropped a heavy hand on his knee.

"My boy," he said, unctuously, "if I were asked to whom I would entrust the entire keeping of the traditions of the Squadron, fearing nothing in the way of self-interest, nothing in the way of a thing achieved merely to bring about a petty triumph, why—Lord! I know whom I'd name; whom we'd all name! To hell with your reasons, boy. Let's get down to the office and get through with the preliminaries. You've introduced these ten men, as you said you would, not to confound those who said it couldn't be done, but because they're fit——"

"Horsemen," said Kernahan, eagerly. "I know 'em all. I've watched 'em with the horses they drive—for months. I believe they're the ten best horsemen in the town. And—and we want some stiffening, 'Major. Less zealous clerks like me, perhaps. Less old Stephens, fewer lady-killing Halls, and lounging Carterets——"

"That *is* unkind!" Carteret put in. "Well, we've got our salting, then, Sergeant-Major, and, between you and me, it's made me very dry. . . . Kernahan, you old cabhorse, has it struck you what a lot of head-money at two bob a time will fall to you over these recruits and, in the natural course of events, be annexed for a brew *pro bono publico?* Then—Steward, drinks round, please, and put it down to the account of Mr. Kernahan's head-money. . . . Come on, K., we'll drink the health of the raw recruits."

THE GARDEN BY NIGHT.

A PLACE FOR REST AND QUIET AMUSEMENT.

The fact that a house has a large garden attached is one of the strongest arguments of the estate agent when he tries to let it to you, and it is one of the things that make you buy or lease that house.

But if you are a city worker, it is worth considering how much enjoyment you are going to get out of your garden.

You spend your Saturday afternoon, and possibly part of Sunday, working in it, keeping the plants in order, tying up the roses, and pulling out weeds, but how much enjoyment do you get out of it all?

You arrive home at night too late to do much gardening work, and because it is dark you forget all about your garden and seek your recreation elsewhere, but there at your backdoor lies an infinite fund of enjoyment.

If you are wise you will have in your garden many comfortable seats, for a garden is not intended only to grow things in, but also for the enjoyment of its possessor.

Possibly, like the writer, you are fortunate enough to have at the bottom of your garden a tall tree, which gives it a feature, and around which a seat can easily be built. But even if your garden is flat and otherwise uninteresting, you can at least erect, with very little trouble and practically no expense, a pergola, with a comfortable seat under it.

There you can sit in the darkling hours, fighting your commercial battles over again, and pacifying your mind for to-morrow's contests.

There is a haven of rest, where the worries of business are forgotten, and where you can sit and smoke and watch with interest the tiny moths that flutter about you, the delicate turning of the leaves on the trees above, and the changing outlines of the clouds which are still visible.

You are enjoying your garden as you never did when you were working in it during the week-ends.

This is not spade work. This is not pulling up weeds. If it were light enough to work you would be active, but it is not light enough, and so you resign yourself to mere sensual enjoyment of the sights and perfumes of the garden.

Perhaps repose of this kind does not appeal to you. Then buy an air-gun, run up a small Chinese lantern to the topmost branch of your tree, or fix a lantern upon your pergola, and shoot at it until you put the candle out.

Some men like to sit and think, and some men like to be up and doing.

For the active gardener there is much to be done in the hours of darkness, for then it is that his great enemies the insects prowl about.

The sweet peas which he is so keen upon are having their lowest leaves nibbled to skeletons. A bicycle lamp or an electric torch, and a tin can with some salt in the bottom of it, are all the weapons he needs to put things right when he sets forth collecting the devouring slugs.

To every man with a garden, whether he wants to loaf or to do work or to have a bit of fun, there is a good time outside his own backdoor, if he will but realise it.

H. MEDOWS.

HANDS IN SPORT.

HOW TO KEEP THEM UP TO CONCERT PITCH.

There is many an athlete who will indulge in all manner of intricate dumb-bell and club exercises to keep his arms, legs, heart, and other organs in trim for his favourite sport, whatever it may be, but who constantly ig-nores the important part that his hands play in that particular game or exercise.

Take the cricketer first of all. In this game a man may use his hands for several different purposes, bowling, batting, catch-ing, picking up, and throwing in, and for keeping wicket. And for each of these the hands of the expert possess different qualities.

The bowler's hands develop with time a distinct "feel" of the ball, in the same way, as it were, that a blind man recognises faces by passing his hands over them. The trundler feels instinctively for the ridges of stitching round the leather, and he caresses these lov-ingly with his fingers to impart a delusive spin to the ball for the batsman's destruction. Consequently, it behoves the ambitious bowler to heighten his sense of touch; and with this end in view, he should keep the skin as soft as possible.

A well-known university and county bowler once told the writer that he made a practice of steaming the palms of his hands over boil-ing water, for about ten minutes, three or four times a week before going to bed. This is done, too, by a good many professional billiard players.

Batsman's hands are apt to suffer from the jar of the handle in playing fast bowling or driving hard balls. To enable them to resist this as far as possible, Indian club exercises are highly to be recommended, for their wrist-strengthening properties.

A county wicket-keeper, one of the best known professionals of his day, advises men to combat the many ailments which "wicket-keeping entails to the hands by "washing them without water" as he quaintly puts it. In other words, you should rub your hands together as you do in washing them, only harder, kneading the muscles and knuckles, as it were. In this way, you will avoid the ungainly callosities, bumps, and distortions with which most wicket-keeper's hands are so badly disfigured.

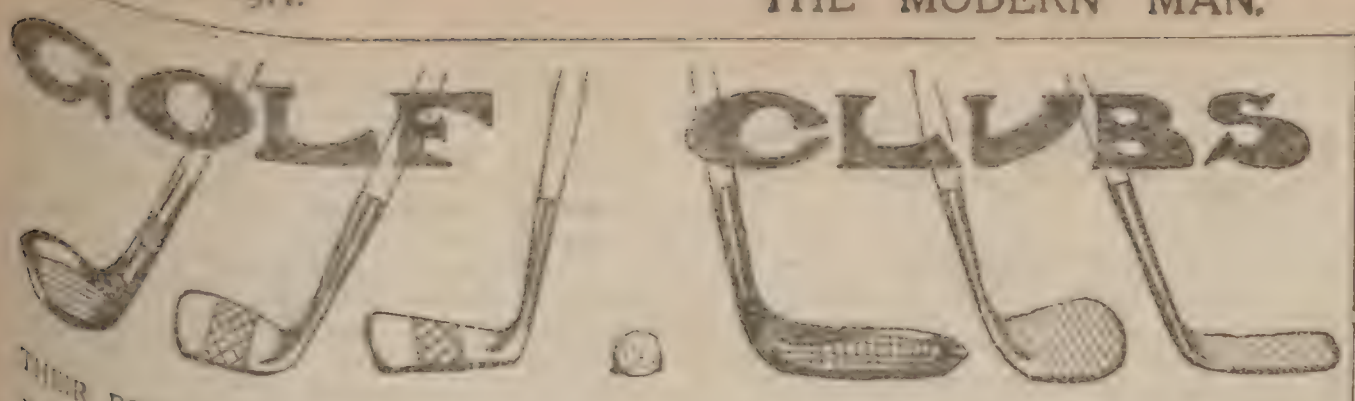
The work that is done in fencing with the fingers is considerable, and the man whose digits are really pliable, like a first-rate pianist's, is much to be envied. A good ex-ercise, then, for the fencer is that which is prescribed to a great many musicians—namely, to twist the fingers about, "twining" them round one another, "snapping" them, and stretching them out as far as they will go.

Here is an excellent tip for the boxer. If you have a really strong punch, you may possibly hurt your wrist or strain the muscles of your forearm in delivering it—especially if you are not holding your fist exactly right at the moment of hitting.

Thus it behoves you to strengthen your wrist and forearm as much as possible with-out the use of dumb-bells, for these are apt to make a boxer's movements slow. What you should do every day is to clench your fists and open them alternately—in other words, keep on opening and shutting your hands—until you are tired. This is one of the finest and simplest known exercises for the fingers, forearm, and wrist.

An interesting and amusing story is told, too, in this connection by a very distinguished amateur boxer, an Army officer, against him-self. He was seated in a railway train, read-ing, and unconsciously performing the above exercise with one disengaged hand. He felt very foolish when he realised that an old lady opposite had one eye on him and the other on the communication cord. She thought he was mad.

E. H. PURVIS.



THEIR POINTS, USES, AND CHARMS.

For the benefit of uneducated Saxons—uneducated, that is, in a golfing sense—who talk of golf clubs, I may explain that by clubs I mean the implements of the game, not the palatial establishments in which the modern golfer rejoices.

The driver is the king of golf clubs, for with it you can hit the ball further from the tee than with any other club.

True, there are many golfers who can drive better with their cleeks than with their drivers, but that merely proves their inability to use their drivers.

The driver easily holds the record for length, and is therefore very precious to the man who can use it. Its only weak point is the fact that it is impossible to use a club to be used except to a teed ball.

Occasionally the golfer having left the tee may have the delight of finding his ball cocked up on a natural tee of grass or earth, and may then legitimately call for his driver, but as a rule the driver is to be used on the tee only.

THE PREHISTORIC DRIVER.

The driver has seen a good many changes in shape. In the prehistoric days of golf it was simply a natural stick with a big "handle" (head), roughly carved out of one piece of wood. Then some genius hit on the idea of making the head separately and splicing it on to the shaft, as is done to this day.

The head itself has undergone various modifications. In the eighties it was some five or six inches long, and comparatively narrow. Gradually the head became shorter and broader, until we arrived at the "bulger" driver, which had a short, squat, small head. To-day the tendency is to make the head bigger, broader, and flatter, a type exaggerated in the Dreadnought driver, with its heavy head and flexible shaft.

The wooden club to demand consideration next is the brassie. This is much the same as a driver, save that the shaft is considerably shorter and stronger, while the sole or bottom of the head is fitted with a brass plate. It is used through the green when a long shot is needed and the ball lies well on hard, but not rough ground, or in moderately long grass. The brass sole protects the head when it slides on hard ground, and also enables the player to get through grass and get under the ball.

THE WOODEN CLUBS.

The spoon is a delightful club to use, for you can get a long ball with very little exertion, but it requires care, for there is a fatal tendency to pull.

Once upon a time the golfer's bag included wooden niblicks, designed for lofting shots. These may be seen in a modified form, but the only other wooden club in use is the wooden putter, replaced by iron clubs. The wooden putter is a short, stiff-shafted club, the shaft being as nearly as possible at right angles to the head.

The wooden putter is particularly useful on fast greens, for it gives the ball a lively motion which enables it to jump over obstacles. With an iron putter, on the other hand, the ball runs close to the ground, and is thus liable to be stopped by anything in its way.

On a fast green, however, the liveliness of the wooden putter is a disadvantage, as you are liable to find it overrunning the hole.

The cleek drives the longest ball among the iron clubs. It is slightly shorter and stiffer in the shaft than the brassie, and the "iron" head, which is usually made of hand-forged steel, is from two to three inches long, and a little over an inch wide at its widest part. The face of the cleek is but little laid back, and is almost straight up and down, with the result that the well-driven cleek shot flies low.

It is used "through the green" when the ground is not suited to a brassie, and length is wanted. Many men prefer the cleek to any other club, probably because it gives more of a hitting shot than either the driving or brassie stroke, and you can put your strength into it. But it is a tiring club to use, more especially to the right wrist and forearm, which do most of the work in cleek play.

LOFTERS.

In a well-made cleek shot the club ploughs through the turf, throwing up a divot (which please be careful always to replace), and this means a pretty heavy strain on the arms.

Now we come to the lofting clubs used when the ball lies in rough ground, or when it is necessary to make the ball rise quickly to clear some obstacle such as a bunker or a hedge, or for shots of from anything from about 80 to 10 yards, when a brassie or cleek shot would go too far.

The first of these is the iron. There are full irons, mid irons, and short irons, but the average iron is shorter and stiffer than the cleek; while the head is broader and much more sloped back, so that the ball rises quickly from it.

The iron is useful in rough ground, and also for shots of from 60 to 80 yards, when you can take a full swing with the iron, confident that the ball will not go too far, owing to the height to which it will rise.

APPROACHING IMPLEMENTS.

The next lofting club is the mashie, which is at once the golfer's delight and despair. There is no club more charming if you can use it, none more exasperating if you can't.

It is used for delicate approach shots of from fifty to a few yards or even feet. It is shorter than the iron, and slightly broader in the head, which is very much laid back. From a well-played mashie shot the ball rises very sharply in the air, and falls almost dead.

The iron putter I have already mentioned, and there remains the niblick. This is a short, stiff, strong club with a broad, heavy oval-shaped iron head. It is used for getting out of bunkers, rushes, ruts, and similar difficulties where the other clubs would either break or fail to plough through the obstacle.

Of course there are all sorts of fancy clubs, driving cleeks, irons and mashies, jiggers, wry-necked putters, and so on, but the seven named are the average golfer's "stock-in-trade."

E. D. MARSH.

THE PURSE TRICK.

It is remarkable how many otherwise quite astute people get taken in by the purse trick at race-meetings every year.

It is generally done in two ways. The first and immeasurably more difficult one can only be performed by a clever conjurer.

Such a man exhibits in one hand an open purse, and in the other a handful of silver, which he tosses easily into the purse—but, however, tossing it back again with an almost simultaneous and lightning-like action.

The second method is simply the time-honoured one of offering to sell a silvered penny and halfpenny for a shilling or more, "Three-an'-a-tanner for an 'og! Come on! Yer karn't lose!".

THE THOUGHTS OF A TRAMP.

WHY SOME WALKING TOURS ARE SUCCESSFUL AND SOME ARE NOT.

No man ever set out upon a "walking tour," as the thing used formerly to be somewhat stiffly called, who was not filled with some sort of high purpose.

He determined beforehand that he would make his walking a sort of doorway to an immense amount of observation. He would acquire untold stories of country lore.

He would set himself a certain mileage for every day and every night. None of the insidious seductions of the wayside inn or of the comfortable hedge couch should lure him from the path of serious study, exercise, and activity he had mapped out for himself.

Resolutions of this sort were, at the outset, as thick in his mind as the dust was thick upon the road.

The less experienced he was in the seductions of the King's highway the firmer was his resolution, and the fuller he was of startlingly severe resolutions.

And then he set out. How he went at those initial stages! How the first six, seven, nine, eleven miles dropped behind him! He was doing well. By keeping this up for a few days he would break the back of his journey as it were, and take a certain amount of relaxation and ease in the later stages.

After a couple of days of this sort of thing he struck a more than usually comfortable inn. Early next morning when they called him he actually lay in bed ten minutes beyond his time, determined overnight, when he did not feel half so sleepy, half so comfortable, as this morning. And so he lay on and thought, not of the miles he had set himself for the day, but of those he had already covered.

If only he knew it, he was lost from that moment. But he was lost to some purpose. For until a man gets through these initial stages of any such enterprise a "walking tour," or, as one calls it nowadays, a four-days' tramp, he has not begun to understand the secret of such things.

The enjoyment of the road consists not in the accomplishment of so many miles a day, any more than a man's life consists in the abundance of his possessions.

Rather does his enjoyment arise out of his complete indifference to mere distance, and in his capacity for finding interests where, in truth, there are practically none.

Half a dozen, or half a hundred, men may tramp along a road and find it monotonous, without any elements of interest. But the next man may scarcely be able to make progress at all because of the innumerable little points of quite unimportant and almost worthless detail that he finds on his way.

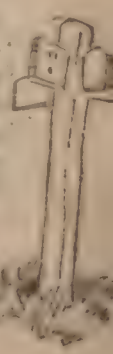
Such a man is one who can rightly enjoy a walking tour.

As a matter of fact he must find the curious and the commonplace equally interesting, and must pretend to an absorbed preoccupation in whatever turns up.

And all the time he is really chiefly enjoying himself because he is free. Milestones are companions, whether he sees two or two dozen in the course of a day.

That he is out on the open road, and that he has an appetite for everything—these are his chief assets. He must expect nothing. Then he will find something to amuse him in everything. By being philosophically indifferent he will become engrossed in the trivial, and so his mind will have that absolute rest which is one of the gifts bestowed by the gods on all who walk without counting the miles.

M. BRUCE.



MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF

BY AN EXPERT.

The more I see of journalism, the more strongly do I realise the value of writing on the things whereof one has some special knowledge—hence my choice of this subject.

I am not going to relate all the occasions on which I have made a fool of myself.

Some are sacred to the memory of charming women, and though I may be several kinds of an ass, I am not, I hope, the sort of sneak that kisses and tells. Others refer to purely private matters, and others again are neither elevating nor instructive. Don't however, think that I am going to preach. Undoubtedly, there is a moral in each of the experiences I am about to relate, but I leave you to find it for yourselves. (N.B.—This is not a guessing competition and no prizes, fabulous or fabled, are offered.)

One prefatory word more. Whatever the opinions of my friends may be, I do not think I am altogether a congenital idiot. I fancy that these random reminiscences will awaken similar memories in the minds of a good many of my older readers. Incidentally, I have noticed in trains, 'buses, and elsewhere, that plenty of middle-aged and even elderly men appear to enjoy a paper primarily intended for young manhood.

The first time I was fairly and completely "had" was on a racecourse.

ON THE RACECOURSE.

A young friend and I went to a certain small race meeting together. It was the first time either of us had been on a racecourse, and we succeeded in backing the first winner, goodness only knows how, but I fancy we liked the jockey's colours, or the horse's number on the card was the same as the date of the month.

Anyway, we backed him for some preposterous and most footling reason, and we got paid, though I have a shrewd suspicion now that the bookmaker "forgot" to return us our stake money.

Naturally, we adjourned to the refreshment tent. Oh, only "claret" and lemonade, which I was imbibing, when someone jerked my elbow, knocking the glass out of my hand.

I turned, to find a most apologetic stranger by my side. I needn't trouble you with all his palaver, but he insisted on buying a fresh drink for me, and also another one for my friend.

And "speaking as one man of the world to another," he advised us to eschew the claret, which he described as vinegar, thus, for once, accidentally speaking the truth, and prescribed a stiff glass of whisky.

DISTINGUISHED ACQUAINTANCES.

Over this we became very friendly. Had we been doing anything? What! we had found the winner of the first race? He and his friends had dropped a parcel, but they were going to get it all back on the next race. Ah, here were his friends, the Hon. Blank Dash, and Captain Thingummy.

To cut it short, we were let into the good thing, our money being put on for us, and the good thing lost, as did other "good things." In the end they had all our ready money, and a good bit in I O U's, also our addresses.

Then we went home to dinner. My friend scandalised a highly respectable family by trying to swallow his soup through his nose. He got farther than I did, for I was found asleep on the doormat. We both had stern-faced elder brothers, who demanded explanations and eventually got them.

Next day our racecourse friends called to collect their I O U's, but the stern-faced brother in each case met them and they went away discontented.

I have often been "done," but only once have I been "hocussed."

This arose out of chance acquaintances made in a bar, not in the West-End, where one might expect to meet sharpers, but in a very quiet bar in a very quiet hotel at Kensington.

My new friends were well dressed, gentlemanly men, and quite possibly one of them was an ex-Army officer, as he represented himself to be.

They played me carefully. I met them several times before a little game of cards was proposed. By this time they knew all about me, and that my cheque was good for a hundred anyway.

One afternoon the conversation turned on cards, and before long I had agreed to a friendly game at the rooms of one of them that night.

A SHEER GAMBLE.

The game was "Banker." It was the first time I had played it, and I never want to play it again. So far as I remember, it is an absolute gamble. The pack is cut into a number of smaller packs, of which the dealer takes one for himself.

The players bet on the other packs and wager that the bottom card of the pack they fancy will be higher (or sometimes lower) than the bottom card of the dealer's pack.

I began by winning, then I started to lose. I was offered a drink and had one. That settled me. Please understand that I was perfectly sober at the time. But no sooner had I had that drink than I lost control of myself. It was rather like being under laughing gas, except that I was vaguely conscious of what I was doing. I could stake my money, but I did not seem to care whether I won or lost.

I drew and signed a perfectly legible and correct cheque for £85, and then I went home, still in a sort of dream.

Next day I was horribly ill, but in the afternoon I crawled round to the rooms where I had been rooked, though even then I was only vaguely suspicious.

The landlady knew nothing of my "friends." They had hired the room for one night only, and that was all she knew about it.

TOLERANT AGE.

I never saw them again. If you would know why they bolted, I suppose they were afraid of my taking counsel of older and wiser heads than mine. I had meant to tell you their tales; how I was "sharped" on board the liner by two Johannesburg stockbrokers, how I was inveigled into gambling on the Stock Exchange by a "pal" who knew he must lose on his advice, but spare me.

Of course, you have drawn the obvious morals of these two stories, and I hope they will be useful to you. Frankly, however, I doubt it. I fancy we are all bound to make fools of ourselves sooner or later, and the sooner the better, for in middle-age one can regard without bitterness the follies of youth and even have a tolerant eye for the poor devils of hard-up rascals who took advantage of one's inexperience.

C. G. BULLIVANT.

DOG-FISH.

No fish is more frequently or more heartily cursed by the sea angler than the dog-fish. In the first place he has absolutely no value as food. In the next place the brute has a habit of frighten away other fish, for the dog-fish is a voracious cannibal. Lastly he is uncommonly unpleasant to handle.

While they all more or less resemble the small shark in shape, there are many species of dog-fish. Beware especially of the one with a slatey-blue back and a white belly. There is a sharp spine in its tail which will give you a nasty wound.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable) ..... 1s. 4½d., post free	Wide-ended silk ties ..... 2s. 5½d., post free
Narrow bow ties ..... 1s. 5½d., " "	Silk mufflers..... ..... 4s. 11d. "

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin..... ..... 6d.	Solid silver tie-pin .....
Gold-plated safety-pin .... 6d.	Solid silver safety-pin .....
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge ..... 6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge .....
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain..... 6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain .....

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westminster Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

THE PENULTIMATE

A SKETCH

By

S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

Constable X99 had noticed the man, and, seeing him a second time in the same position, had looked hard at him.

Persons who, as night is coming on, lean with folded arms on the parapet of Westminster Bridge, and long and earnestly into the tide beneath, do not expect to be looked at, hard and not unsuspiciously.

But on the second glance, the constable passed on. He had acquired by experience a certain ability in detecting despair, and this man's face, though yet, was redeemed by an expression of grim humour. He was, moreover, well groomed and bore no evidence of hunger, and, if you had asked X99, he would have told you that the muddy river calls only to those who are soiled like itself, who have left behind them as well as hope behind them.

So he passed on, and was justified, for presently the man roused himself from his reverie, shook his head with a smile of self-mockery, and began to walk in the direction of the Embankment.

"The water," he had decided fastidiously, "is probably dirty."

For the first time in his life he took a real interest in the matted, unkempt, waste-products of civilisation who sat somnolent and huddled on the seats. Here a man was picking up the last musty crumbs from a soiled piece of newspaper, moistening his fingers now and then so as to diminish the chances of waste. Further on a woman, with Heaven knows what relics in her arms, was trying to darn one of a score of filthy garments.

The whining entreaty for a copper brought him to a standstill, eyeing the creature who had addressed him.

"What should you do," he said, interrupting the beggar's monologue, "if I gave you threepence?"

"Thank yer kindly, gentleman," answered the creature with a liveliness, "it 'ud get me a doss."

"And after that?"

There was no pity in the cold voice, no altruism discovered in the contemptuous, glittering eyes.

"After that? The man clearly did not understand. What more was there one could want? He must be pulling his leg. Perhaps he was going to get the threepence after all.

"I mean," continued the pitiless questioner, "what are you going to do to-morrow?—and the day after?"

The blank surprise. Same as any other day, he supposed.

"What do you do it for? Why don't you end your own worthlessness and go and chuck yourself in the river?"

The wounded ego was still capable of a kick, and resented the impertinence in the vernacular. But it was as much to him as anyone else's, he argued.

"Certainly not," sneered the other. "Here! Take this!" He pitched the coins one by one to the eager paw as one would throw a bone to a dog. "There you are!" he said. "You're richer than I am."

The bloke could make nothing of the remark, and he pondered over it for some time. Then he would fetch three and a tanner anyway, and even supposing the bloke was broke would he be chucking away his last copper? Not likely!

Yet, leaving out of the question the pawnable value of the clothes he stood up in, the stranger had spoken the truth. The three coppers he had given away were the last of his money in the world. They had worried him with their ironic jingle in his pocket and he was glad to be rid of them. Now that he had shot his last bolt there was even some humour in the situation. But there was still the method of his final exit to be chosen.

"I must be careful," he thought, cynically, "not to make the same hash of it as other things. A fall in front of a train, perhaps . . . ."

He reached the Strand and stood for a few moments watching the busy traffic, momentarily undecided. It seemed after all a pity! Yet to-morrow he would rise with a dirty collar and unbrushed boots. A gentleman no longer!

He was feeling in his vest pockets as he reflected—quite mechanically. Suddenly he gave a start of surprise. A coin was reposing in the lining, whither it must have slipped unmissed at some more prosperous period of his career.

He recognised it for a sovereign, even before he had extracted it and examined it in the light of the lamp above his head. He smiled down quizzically at it lying on the palm of his hand—not a smile of rejoicing, but the expression of appreciation of a fact which broadened the basis of the farce in which he was playing a part.

"Fate, like a cat," he thought, "is inclined for a bit of sport before her meal. Well, so be it! I'll humour her."

His plans were soon made. A little dinner with a bottle of wine and a few cigars. Then an hour or two at one of the halls. It was the usual decision of the penultimately derelict. The altar where despair takes a fleeting sanctuary is more often found at the music-halls than elsewhere; and if the atmosphere of misery on a given night could be accumulated and projected across the footlights it is to be feared that comedians would be even more depressing than they are.

For once in his life the man found himself making a brief calculation as to the disposal of his wealth. He had a whim for being picked up with a few shillings left. He smiled to himself as he recollected a newspaper paragraph he had read.

"What prompted the unhappy man to the rash act," said the report, "is a complete mystery, seven shillings and sixpence having been found in his pocket."

* * * * * * *

The dinner was good, if inexpensive, and the half-bottle of claret tolerable. As for the programme at the Hall, he did not remember to have enjoyed one better.

Then he stood bareheaded while the National Anthem was played . . . and went out, elbowed and elbowing among the rest.

Outside in the street the theatre rush was in full swing, and a steady, cold drizzle had set in.

Pausing for a minute, he squared his shoulders and crossed the road, and the crowd engulfed him.

IN A FIGHT.

The man whose business keeps him late and who has perhaps to traverse dark streets or lanes at night to get home may often be attacked by some rough who will neither give him time to put his hands up or fight fair if he does. The tactics of such gentry are generally to steal up behind you, strangle you into temporary unconsciousness, and then rob you commodiously. Here is a good tip in such a case.

Seize your assailant's little fingers—one in each hand—and pull them back sharply. He will be forced to let you go. Indeed, if you are in a very tight corner, it is easy to break them in this way.

SCARF-PINS.

QUESTIONS OF "FORM" THEY INVOLVE.

A scarf-pin is one of the few articles of jewellery that it is permitted to a man to wear, provided, of course, that the pin itself is in good taste.

Vulgar scarf-pins are, on the whole, exceptional. Anyway, they are not nearly so common as vulgar rings, watch-chains, and sleeve-links. They do not lend themselves to ostentatious display. Even a big diamond as a pin is not so nearly noticeable as when set as a shirt stud or in a claw-hammer ring.

I have a friend, a retired Anglo-Indian medical officer. He once professionally attended an Indian Rajah, relieved him of a painful ailment, and was by him presented with many diamonds. Some of the smaller ones he had set as a horseshoe pin, and though I suppose this pin is worth at least a cool hundred pounds, it looks all right.

Perhaps the fact that my friend is tall and distinguished-looking enables him to carry it off, but really a scarf-pin only looks vulgar when it is an obvious imitation or when it is worn with the wrong clothes.

To wear a valuable pin when dressed in flannels is, of course, the height of vulgarity. The man who does so is brother to the woman who wears diamond ornaments in the morning.

The diamond scarf-pin is perhaps the most gentlemanly of all—for wear, that is, with a black coat and a black tie; with light ties it does not show up well.

A pearl pin, on the other hand, looks well with almost any colour, but is open to the objection that it is easily imitated.

Not that the jewel thieves make any mistake. A relation of mine was recently "relieved" of a beautiful Thursday Island pearl pin. It was such a large pearl that many people uncharitably thought it was a sham one, but the thieves who hustled him in a crowd knew better.

I know there are all sorts of patent safety guards and catches for pins, but I question whether any one of them is really effective.

It is so easy for two confederates to "sneak" a pin. One of them attracts your attention by accidentally bumping into you, while the other does the trick. Aware of the probability of a safety catch, he does not attempt to pull the pin out, but snips off the head with a pair of small but powerful pliers.

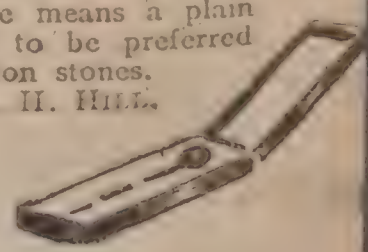
However, to return to the subject of pins; many men favour the sporting pin, the horse's, fox's, or pheasant's head, while others again go in for miniature bats, racquets, golf clubs, and so on. Personally, I am not particularly in love with such pins. I think they savour rather of advertising your tastes to the public. From this condemnation I except THE MODERN MAN scarf-pin, which serves a useful purpose in making League members known to each other, but I think you will often find that the man who wears an ultra-sporting pin also sports enamelled sleeve-links, cigarette case, and matchbox representing wine, women, cards, and racing, and that he is anxious to impress everybody with the idea that he is no end of a dog.

I prefer gems for pins, and have a particular liking for the carbuncle. It must be set plain, mind you, for many jewellers have a habit of setting a stone in a circle of small damonds, and this is inclined to look ostentatious.

A cameo pin is a most gentlemanly ornament, and so, too, is the plain gold scarf-ring, with perhaps a single stone in the centre.

For the man of moderate means a plain solid gold pin is infinitely to be preferred to one of inferior or imitation stones.

E. H. HILL.



THE RUN OUT.

IN THE EVENING TRAIN, BEYOND THE BELT OF SUBURBS.

The run out of town alone fully compensates for the miseries of the day spent within it. The thought, the certainty, that the evening will surely come and release me from office and pavement, restaurant, and omnibus and train, is often the fountain at which I refresh myself these sultry days, when the wood pavement stinks and suffocates, and the fumes of the motor vehicles choke.

The last glimpse of town is, perhaps, the worst, just as the night is said to be darkest just before the dawn. The station is thick with the dust raised by thousands of hurrying feet, hurrying across the broad space to one or other of the dozen platforms.

On the way thither they dart aside, mutter some name to the bookstall clerk, and receive an evening paper. The clerk, on his part, keeps up a perpetual feat of sleight of hand. His hand is here, there, and everywhere at once, darting from pile to pile of the folded papers according to the demand of the hurrying customer.

Then through the guarded gates to the waiting trains, and away outward.

For the first few miles the way lies through congested suburbs, and as we gather speed and swish through the many stations we pass standing trains disgorging their hundreds of passengers whose radius from the city is shorter.

Even here, however, the love of a garden shows itself. The regular plots, boarded and fenced off with rigid accuracy, show many signs of the desire of the occupants to get a little semblance of nature into their lives.

Some go in for all-grass plots; some vary this with small flower beds dotted about in the grass space; others, but for a central path, devote the area to beds on each side; and others again give play to a fancy that lends itself to no short and ready description.

A little further on, and the garden owners here and there find room to squeeze a tennis court into the scheme, and deck chairs, a tent, and a flagstaff are popular adjuncts.

For a short distance the view is shut out as we rumble between the high sides of a deep cutting. On each side the chalk closes us in, and the incessant thump of the wheels becomes monotonous.

But in a few minutes we run out into open space again. In the last mile or so a vast change has taken place. The houses are no more in rows, the gardens are large and irregular, and for the first time a breath of cool, almost of sweet, scent-laden air rushes in at the wide open windows. Now we are well on the way to the country.

Fields succeed to the scattered houses, and a few miles ahead there rises up the range of hills that is a kind of barrier between the town and the country.

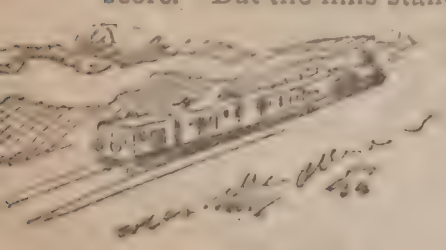
There is a tunnel through the hills and to pass through this tunnel is to undergo new birth. At one end of it is much that reminds one of cities and streets, at the other end is all that is attractive, fresh, earthy and rural. The dark mile through it must first be traversed.

Once through it, we have put behind us all thoughts of towns. Looking backward, instead of the dull murk that lies over the town, pierced by a few of the tallest chimneys slowly oozing smoke, there is the long, clear line of the hills, a line that stands always as a frontier shutting off the elements that lie beyond, and keeping the garden of the land safe from invasion.

As the train runs faster onward, the scents of elderberry and many other flowers fill the carriage. Above the roar there come snatches of bird-song from the trees on the embankments, and the meadows lie still and in twilight.

And when at last I start upon the high road homeward, the town and all it means might be a hundred miles away instead of a little over a score. But the hills stand ever as sentinels, preventing the desecration of our vale.

G. L. BAYLIS.



MY NOTEBOOK.

SHARES. As you will recollect, I made, some time ago, a special offer to all those who are interested in this paper. It was that I would present one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred shares, free of all cost, with each pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary shares that might be allotted.

I should like it to be understood that this offer is not of indefinite duration.

A large proportion of the capital of THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., has already been taken up, but there are still some shares available.

I am desirous that these shares should be taken up by readers of this paper, because those who are interested in the publication are the most likely to benefit the business by doing what they can to increase the circulation. Therefore I again draw your attention to my offer, for I think it better that all the remaining shares should be taken up by my readers than that I should make the proposition to the general public.

The offer is made in accordance with our prospectus, duly filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at Somerset House, and we shall be happy to forward a prospectus to any reader interested in the matter.

We print an application form on the second page of the cover.

It may be well to mention here that those who apply in accordance with the conditions on the application form, and enclosing 10s. for each ten shillings' worth of shares they desire, or larger amounts proportionately, are not liable for any further expense whatsoever, for the shares are fully-paid, and no further demand can be made with regard to them at any time.

A NEW FEATURE. As you will see, in this week's number I have started a new feature, entitled "The Human Side," by John Strange Winter.

As most of my readers will already know, John Strange Winter is a lady—in private life, Mrs. Stannard. Nevertheless, she is, I believe, one of the most masculine writers of the present day.

How I came into touch with her may be of some interest.

In one of his articles "Chinstrap" mentioned the works of John Strange Winter in highly laudatory terms, and the day after that article was published, I received from Mr. Stannard a very kind letter, asking me to convey to "Chinstrap" his wife's keen appreciation of what he had said about her.

As a result of that letter, I made an appointment, and arranged for a weekly article from the talented pen of John Strange Winter, who, in spite of her masculine nom-de-plume, will have the honour of being our one and only lady contributor.

I hope that you will like her articles as much as I do.

All that, however, is only talking about it, and I therefore advise you to read John Strange Winter's article, and to form your own opinions. If you will favour me as to those opinions I shall feel much indebted to you.

BEARING REINS. On another page I print some letters which I have received from men whose opinions are of value in regard to the much-disputed question as to whether bearing reins should be used on horses.

There are many old ladies, and other well-meaning people, who say that no horse should ever be driven with a bearing rein, and as these old ladies very often happen to have plenty of money, they manage to get their views largely voiced in the Press. They magnify the supposed cruelty of the [illegible] rein into a crime of great importance.

I doubt very much whether the bearing rein causes a horse any discomfort, and I have never been able quite to understand why these benevolent old ladies should devote their attention to such a matter, which, in my opinion, may safely be left to the discretion of practical horsemen.

A MAN'S DOG FRIEND. A horse is big and strong and can fight as well as you can, but—possibly I may be wrong—I do not think that a man is justified in lifting his hand to any of the smaller animals.

My own terrier has had two thrashings in his life, both of which were administered with my cap. And I whacked him because, for reasons best known to himself, he ran away after another little dog on two separate Sunday afternoons, and left me, looking rather foolish, whistling for him in the middle of the street.

I am quite sure that the whacks I gave him with my cap did not hurt him, but he howled as if he were being killed. The expression of my anger was quite new to him, and in each of these unpleasant episodes it took some time to become real friends again.

The poor little chap was infinitely ashamed of himself, and I frankly admit that I felt that I had been injudicious in giving way to my temporary feeling of annoyance.

You sometimes hear about dogs being spoiled, but I do not think it is possible to spoil a dog. If a dog yaps and barks at strangers, it is not spoilt but badly educated. If you investigate any such case you will find that its owner, in its puppyhood days, encouraged it to give voice at every footfall.

The dog's object is to please its master, and when it barks and rushes at strangers it is but doing its best to interpret his wishes.

There are many ways of keeping a dog. You can keep him chained up all day, you can take him for a walk periodically by way of exercising him, or you can make a pet of him and have him running about at your heels all the time.

For my own part, I think unquestionably that the latter is the right method. At one time I have had several dogs, and I have always brought them up on that principle. Working so, you can get out of them much more of that comforting pally feeling than you ever could if you kept them at arm's ordinates.

As a matter of fact, my own terrier's delight is to seize whatever [illegible] the postman may drop through the letter-box, to take it in his mouth, dash upstairs, push open my bedroom door, leap upon my bed, and deliver the budget to me.

Very often it happens that some of the letters are directed to other members of the household, and I am put to the trouble of redelivering them.

Also he likes to accompany me to the bathroom for my morning tub, and I have often wondered exactly what he thinks when I strip. For in his eyes there seems to be a kind of doubt as to whether I am quite the same person that he is accustomed to know when I have my clothes on.

When you have a dog like that—a dog that thinks—barking becomes [illegible] to go with you when you leave for the office in the morning, and barking a welcome when he hears you come back again at night. Now, have a dog worth possessing. What else is about his breed or anything companionship that counts.

YOUR E[illegible]

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London

THE LEFT HAND IN BOXING.

LEFT PUNCHES ARE PUNISHING.

watch the average amateur boxing and indeed a good many profes- ones, for that matter—one of the first that strike you will probably be the ith which the left hand is brought into en.

men seem to be continually man- for an opportunity to use their right; e is a good reason for this. Practically an's right arm is stronger than his and the average minor boxer can put more powerful blow with it. or all that, the left hand should not ted as it is at the present time, for several really punishing blows which performed with it, but which are seen outside the profession. for instance, will you see a the body with the left hand? At the hit is fairly often attempted, body seldom.

it, you should step in, with the side your opponent's, the ball of being approximately in alignment Your weight should be on the , with which a forward impetus given to your body. g your head and body well to the that his left should pass over your you should jab hard with your left d. It is, however, of no use to try unless your hand and foot are timed sly to the second.

od stroke is the "lead off with duck," which is done thus: last hit, keep your body sta- right foot, but pressing for- Lead off sharply with your left adversary's head, but augment this with a simultaneous duck to the will increase the power of your , if, at the moment of delivery, turned slightly downward.

the left is a straight lead at the inversely, straight left leads at are very uncommon. But they are g. In this case, although the blow a straight lead, the arm should be slightly at the elbow after the a swing. Keeping the right foot and ducking in the same way, the touch with your left. But on no forget to spring back smartly after by it you leave your head more ed. It should only be attempted slower man.

guard for these types of ducking there is only one. Some men may lay your right across the mark to better, but you will get hurt ually that way, and might your forearm broken. The only deal with such hits is to step quickly either "right and left" your man or sling your right up to his

ng bag o' tricks is com- a double hit at the body and left hand. It is done in this e body with the left as instead of getting away up your right into the guard jump in again with your left, cting your tender solicitude to ent's head. You have to be very quick, however, to bring this off, wise your man might guard it thus: ping back, he could afford to ignore lead at his body, and then, on g a further advance at his duck quickly and bring his of your jaw with stunning

G. R. EMMS.

SPORTING • STORIES

ENTERTAINING HIM.

"Talk about shabby tricks," said the first insurance agent to the second, "I think I've found the limit. I've been calling on a man every evening for the past month, trying to persuade him to take out a policy."

"And hasn't he done so?" asked the second.

"No; he told me last night that he never meant to take out a policy, but he just liked to hear me talking."

TOLD OFF.

It was during a long sea voyage, and the bore of the ship had fixed his attentions upon a long-enduring passenger.

"Now suppose," said the bore, always full of uninteresting facts, "that the earth were flattened out, the sea would cover all the land to a considerable depth. I can prove it."

"Please don't," said the man whose patience had been exhausted. "If you find anyone trying to flatten the earth, shoot him on the spot, because I can't swim."

IN THE TRAFFIC.

The policeman held up his leg-of-mutton hand and the traffic came to a standstill.

Immediately behind him was a taxi-cab.

From time to time the policeman glanced round, and always he observed that the gaze of the taxi-cab driver was closely fixed upon his hand.

"Here," he said, "what are you staring at?"

The taxi-cab driver modestly removed his gaze.

"I'm not sure," he said. "I was just trying to give it a name."

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

"Have you anything to say in your favour?" asked the magistrate.

"Most certainly, sir," replied the prisoner. "The man from whom I stole was insured against burglary."

PROFITLESS.

"I met Brown just now, and asked him for the loan of half a sovereign, and he flatly refused. Then I met Jenkins, and he refused. Don't you think they were swine?"

"I do," said the man addressed, "but I'm a swine also."

ALL IS FAIR.

"No," she said, resolutely, and finally, "I will not marry you."

"Woe is me!" he said. "Then I am never to have the honour of being known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith."

And he got her after all.

A REMARKABLE MAN

Whose wonderful powers have made him the foremost pioneer of proper "Success Knowledge," offers to readers a CONCISE delineation of their aptitudes and failings, and a copy of his latest work, which is a positive Guide to Success.

DECIDE YOUR

FATE, FORTUNE, FUTURE.

I CAN REVEAL TO YOU YOUR INNER SELF—GUARD YOU AGAINST DANGER—HELP YOU TO ATTAIN SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS—SHOW YOU MORE ABOUT YOURSELF, YOUR LIFE AND YOUR PROBABLE CHANCES THAN YOU HAVE EVER DREAMED OF.

I am not a star-gazer, and though others have often said that my knowledge seems supernatural, I claim no unearthly powers. My work is strictly scientific, and if I can see more from one trifling clue than the ordinary person could from even 50 or 1,000 clues, that is due to method, training, study, and vast experience.

My object is to be useful to THE MODERN MAN readers, and to help wherever help is needed. Are you quite satisfied with your life and progress, or is there room for improvement? Are you ambitious, and are you getting nearer to your aim? Do you know your own self—your most hidden weaknesses—and have you thought of possible, though unsuspected, flaws? How much do you know of the real character of those with whom you have to deal, upon whom you may have to rely some day?

If you have your welfare at heart, SELF KNOWLEDGE is the first essential.

You cannot succeed by imitating others. Each man or woman fails or succeeds according to the correct or incorrect use to which he puts his own qualities, and before you can put your qualities to any use you must first know them; YOU MUST GET TO KNOW YOURSELF—that is a vital and immediate necessity.

Read what my correspondents say:

Ambleside, October 29, 1910.

Dear Sir.—I feel I cannot help writing; you have sent me a very straightforward analysis, and I am like all the rest of your clients—I do not know how you can do it. It is a perfect wonder to me. I will be quite pleased to recommend you to my friends any time I get an opportunity.—Yours truly, J. K.

Bristol, July 27, 1910.

Dear Mr. Spencer-Wallis.—I cannot think how you can tell: it is amazing and very mysterious to me. If at any time I should wish for further advice, I shall not fail to send to you. Again thanking you.—Yours faithfully, E. L. N.

South Elmsall, November 4, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for Free Character; my husband thinks it is a true one, and says that you might have known me.—Yours very sincerely, Mrs. E. H.

London, October 21, 1910.

Dear Sir,—You could not have sent me a truer character if you had known me personally all my life; it seems wonderful. Wishing you every success.—I remain, yours truly, Mr. M. J. W.

MY NEW BOOK AND A PRECISE CHARACTER-READING FREE.

I have just published a new comprehensive treatise, entitled, "The Scientific Elimination of Failure," price 1s. 6d., and I shall be glad to send you a copy of this work, as well as a complete and detailed reading of your character, if you write, enclosing ten penny stamps, for my actual secretarial expenses.

Your letter will be opened by me personally, and you may write in perfect confidence.

THE LITTLE YOU HAVE TO DO.

Your only task consists in this: Send me a photograph (name and address marked on the back), which I will return, or a specimen of your writing. Do not take pains when writing—I want your ordinary handwriting in order to obtain a true delineation. Address your application with an addressed return envelope for the sake of privacy and safe delivery to L. Spencer-Wallis, 63, Douglas Rooms, 31 and 32, Maiden Lane, London, W.C.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT EITHER THE BOOK OR THE DELINEATION.

My offer is one you must not miss—this is a question of your own welfare and advantage. The character-reading will give you a real close knowledge of your qualities and of your failings, and the book will show you how to apply this knowledge.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

LEG DEVELOPMENT.

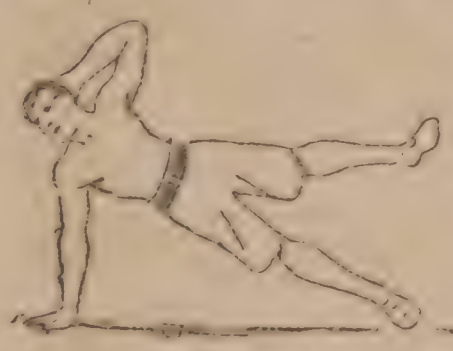
I have already devoted a special article to the treatment of bow legs and knock knees, and in the course of it I mentioned several exercises which are of the greatest benefit to those who, though not suffering from either of the physical defects named, yet wish to devote special attention to the development of the leg muscles.

I propose this week to discuss more fully the principal muscles of the leg, and the best means of improving their condition.

Let us take first the muscles in the front of the leg. The Sartorius, or "Tailor's" muscle, runs down obliquely from the centre of the top of the thigh to just above the inside of the knee. Its name, presumably, is derived from the fact that it is developed by the sitting posture traditionally adopted by tailors at their work.

Below this are three large muscles known as the Rectus Femoris, the Vastus Externus, and the Vastus Internus, which are each part of the Quadriceps Extensor, or great extensor muscle of the leg. These are exercised in such every-day actions as rising from a chair, going upstairs, and in various sports, such as cycling and rowing.

The Vastus Internus, the muscle at the inside of the knee and stretching up the inside of the thigh, is usually particularly well developed in cyclists, and cycling is a first-rate means of developing the leg muscles, while at the same time enjoying the benefits of the open air.



This needs some grit.

Of the other two muscles above mentioned, the Rectus Femoris runs down the centre of the thigh from the groin to the knee, while the Vastus Externus runs beside it down the outside of the thigh.

At the back of the thigh is the muscle known as Biceps Cruris. This performs a similar function to the biceps of the arm, with the position of which, as will be noted, it corresponds. It bends the leg at the knee, and is therefore developed by every exercise involving the bending of the knee, more particularly by that excellent exercise of which I gave an illustration in my previous article.

The movement here consists of sinking gradually down from an erect position until you are almost sitting on the heels, the knees being bent outwards. The downward movement constitutes an admirable exercise for the biceps of the leg, while the strain of raising the body again to the upright position falls on the extensors of the leg.

In the lower leg the principal muscle is the Gastrocnemius, or calf muscle, the only other of importance being the Tibialis Anticus, the thick, fleshy muscle on the outer side of the shin-bone.

With most men their legs are the best developed part of their anatomy, for the commonest of all exercises—walking—affects the leg muscles principally. Yet those who wish to attain a symmetrical development will do well to devote some time to exercises for the legs.

The first exercise illustrated is an admirable one for the thigh muscles, and also for the side muscles and the Gluteus Medius, or large hip muscle.

Take up a position with the right hand and the side of the right foot only on the floor, the left hand being placed on the back of the head and the left leg resting along the top of the right leg.

Now, keeping the body rigid, raise the left leg stiffly as high as you can, and then lower it slowly to the starting position, not allowing it to drop limply.

Develops one leg at a time.

Both legs are exercised at the same time by this means, the lower one having to be exerted to maintain the position; but it will be well to practise the movement only three or four times before reversing the position of the legs.

The second exercise is another one which affects principally the thigh muscles—the extensor and the biceps—and also in a minor degree the calf and ankle muscles.

Stand erect, clench the fists, and bend the arms as in running. Now raise the left foot from the floor, bend the left leg, and sink down slowly by bending the right leg until you reach the position illustrated.

To preserve the balance it will probably be necessary to bend forward slightly, but every effort should be made to keep the body as upright as possible without toppling over.

When the left knee touches the ground, rise again to the erect position and repeat the movement with the left leg.

The third exercise illustrated is also intended for the extensor muscles of the thigh, and will at the same time develop the abdominal muscles.

Lie at full length on your back on the floor, with the hands under the back of the head.

Raise the legs alternately, as shown in the sketch, without bending them, until they are at an angle of forty-five degrees with the floor. Then lower them slowly.

Lastly, an exercise for the ankles and calves. Get a strong chair and stand with one hand resting on the back of it so as to keep the balance. Rise on tip-toe as high as you can and sink gradually on to the heels.

Keep the leg stiff.

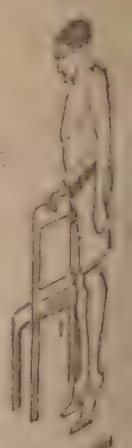
Repeat this movement about twenty times without a pause.

If you possess an expanding developer this exercise may be made more effective by fixing one end of the developer to a hook in the floor. Then stand about six inches away from it, hold the other end in the hands with the palms uppermost, and bend the arms so that the elbows are close to the sides and the wrists against the chest.

Now when you rise on tip-toe you have to deal with a resistance greater than that which is offered by the mere weight of your body.

If these exercises are practised frequently, or if the legs are subjected to severe strain in the course of any sport, a systematic course of massage will do much to keep the muscles fit and supple. Muscles of prodigious size are of no use unless they are kept in condition.

Massage of the thigh and of the calf can be administered quite usefully by yourself. Always remember, however, to rub harder towards the heart than away from it.



For the [illegible] and calves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. H. J. (Bayswater).—You may well expect to grow several inches yet with plenty of fresh air and suitable exercise and diet. You are at present slightly below the normal [illegible] height and in other measurements, but your development seems symmetrical with the possible exception of the arm measurement, which you might devote special attention. An expansion of the chest should make a difference of more than three inches.

F. B. (Saltley).—I can suggest no better form of training for football than running and kicking practice if you can find someone to join you. As to your foot trouble, it is difficult to advise without seeing you. But bathing in cold water, preferably with a little salt added, should be useful. But if this is not effective, see a doctor. Remember, however, that the right way to kick a ball is not with the point of the toe, but with the instep.

G. W. (Leeds).—So far from doing you harm, cycling is one of the best forms of strengthening the legs, as I have stated. It might be useful to strap a padded stuffed valise to the top bar of the frame to ensure your legs working in the right position.

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A SHY SEA FISH

THE GREY MULLET, AND HOW TO CATCH HIM.

The grey mullet is much sought after by the sea angler, chiefly because he is a very shy fish. To an absolute novice on the roughest of tackle, if not indeed most, sea fish may be taken freely; you will not catch the grey mullet, more particularly the large variety, whose scientific name is *Mugil capito*, the greater or thin-lipped, unless you have certain qualifications for the task. Your patience must be Job-like, you must have a thorough knowledge of the grey mullet's haunts and habits, likes and dislikes, you also need fine tackle and good "hands."

As regards his haunts he is fond of piers, piles, weeds and rocks. Docks and harbours have an especial attraction for him, for he loves the weeds and barnacles which adhere to ships' bottoms.

It is rarely much use trying for grey mullet by daylight. The evening and on an ebb tide is a good time. They often bite freely just before the tide ceases to flow again.

The other night, fishing from a boat moored between the piles of a pier, I took seven within half an hour of low tide, but once the tide had turned I never had another bite.

Mullet will take many kinds of baits, but they must be soft. Ragworms, macaroni, fish liver, lamb's hard guts, tripe, and grubs are all good. I like using bread paste. This should be as soft as possible, consistent with its staying on the hook.

The grey mullet will follow a fly, but will rarely take it, at least not by day. At night a white fly is sometimes successful.

In regard to tempting him with bait, it should be added that it is little use trying for mullet without ground-baiting. Certainly the big fellows will not come here unless aroused to the presence of plentiful food in their vicinity.

WHERE TO FIND HIM.

Bread-crumbs are good for ground, or strictly speaking I should say surface, bait, while pounded crabs and fish offal have their uses as regular ground bait.

The grey mullet feeds at various depths. Sometimes you will take him by legering on the "floor" of the sea, at other times you will find him half-way down, rooting among the piles for seaweed. In summer he often swims on or near the surface, and it is then that he gives perhaps the best sport to one fishing from a boat.

For this kind of fishing a horsehair line is particularly good, while your cast should be of twisted gut.

Three No. 10 hooks may be used. To make the line float on the surface it should be well greased, the best grease for this purpose being the kidney fat of a red deer, to be procured from most big tackle shops.

Alternatively the line may be buoyed with small corks, attached at intervals between the hooks.

Mullet require delicate handling, for while they will make a good fight for it, their mouths are so tender that the hook will come away if you put much strain on the line. Therefore, you must be prepared to give them some seventy yards of line, and it is wise to have a hundred yards in all on your reel.

CONCERNING TACKLE.

In regard to bottom or mid-water fishing, you want quite fine tackle and a float. I use one hook only, about a foot above which are one or more split shot, of such weight that when the line is in the water only the tip of the float can be seen. An ordinary paternoster with two or three small hooks can also be used. No float is necessary, and in quiet water you can dispense with a lead. The line must not be held against the current, but allowed to go with it.

You must strike instantly at the faintest movement of the float, or if you are not using one, then on the least suspicion of a bite.

The grey mullet is very easily frightened, and is particularly susceptible to sound, so if out in a boat, you should avoid unnecessary splashing with the oars, or other noise.

I have mentioned paste as a bait, but remember it must be bread paste. Flour paste is little or no good. Shrimps and prawns, peeled, and either boiled or unboiled—I prefer the latter—make good bait, but with them ground-baiting in the shape of young shrimps which have been salted down is absolutely essential.

A. C. HALL.

TIRED HAIR.

At this season of the year thousands of people find their hair getting lighter and thinner. Why is this? In most cases the reason is simple enough—it is tired. More than that, it is usually starved, even when apparently groomed. The surest means of retaining hair till the end of life is the regular use of a really good hair lotion, such as

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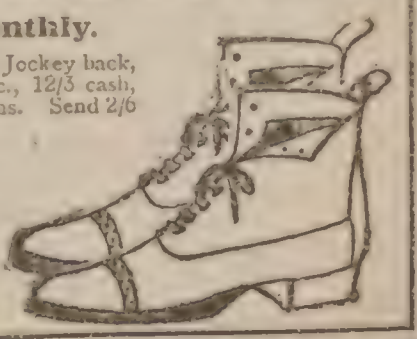

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MEN AND A HOUSEBOAT

SHOWING HOW THEY CAN HAVE A GOOD TIME.

When four or five sociable chaps get together for the purpose of a holiday, however little money they may be able to put up between them, it is pretty certain that that holiday will be a good one. And if they elect to take it on a houseboat, that certainly is made doubly sure.

When I suggest a houseboat for men, I do not mean one of those gorgeous affairs, luxuriously fitted up in every particular, which are to be found in up-river places where fashionable regattas are held. These would be beyond the financial reach of most men; and it is doubtful whether their situation would allow of a suitable degree of enjoyment—from the masculine point of view—in proportion to the expense.

The type of houseboat I have in mind is an unassuming little affair, in one of the many secluded—nay, almost undiscovered—retreats that are to be found on many rivers. Some years ago the present writer managed to hire such a houseboat, the property of a business man who could not afford the time to make use of it, for the very small weekly rental of fifteen shillings.

NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT.

It was a very "tumble-down" affair certainly; but the writer and his four friends were not out for paint, and window-boxes, and finery of that kind. It was dry, fitted up with bunks, cooking utensils, linen, &c., and what is more, there was a piano on board. So we thought that for our three shillings weekly apiece, we had done very well.

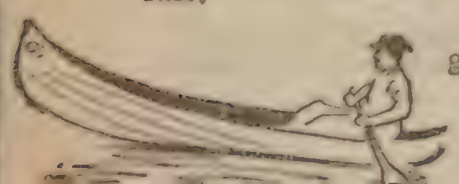
I do not suggest that it is always possible to hire a houseboat for fifteen shillings a week. The boat-proprietor will often charge two, or even three times as much for one no better than ours, but there are many private owners who are willing to let their houseboat for a small amount rather than let it remain empty, when they would probably have to pay someone to visit it at intervals and see that all was in order.

It is especially in the "off" season that such bargains are to be picked up. Occasionally they are to be found in August and September, having been used by the owners in June and July.

THE MORNING DIP.

From morning till night on a houseboat during the summer, every minute of a man's day is an enjoyable one. The sun won't let you sleep too long. He intrudes shamelessly upon you within an hour or so of his own rising, smacks you, metaphorically, on the back with a very hot hand, and insists on your getting up for a dip.

So out you hop, nothing loth, from your bunk, rouse up the other chaps, if they need it; but they are probably awake as well; and in a twinkling all of you are over the side, splashing about as happily as sandboys and getting up a tremendous appetite for breakfast.



Jones, who was unguarded enough at the outset of the holiday, to say that he "could cook," and who has been gleefully invested with that duty ever since, leaves the water before the rest, for he has to prepare the early morning meal.

COMMISSARIAT DUTIES.

When you can smell the bacon sizzling in the pan, and Jones sings out that it is "nearly ready," the rest clamber out into the boat, rub down quickly, drag on a disreputable pair of flannel "bags," a shirt, and a coat if required (it very often isn't) and tuck in.

After breakfast, lunch has to be thought of. This will afford work for most of you. Brown, say, shall catch some fish (he hates fishing, but never mind. He has shirked it long enough). Smith can get into the boat, and pull down to the "Angler's Rest" for a couple of bottles of beer, and Robinson had better stroll over to that farm (a couple of miles off) to get some vegetables. Jones, poor chap, must cook the grub as it is brought to him.

As for yourself you smile in the happy knowledge that there is nothing for you to do—until you are reminded that the "breakfast things" are still unwashed.

SLACK AFTERNOONS.

In the afternoon, a long stroll, or a game of "stump cricket," a jaunt up the river in the canoe or dinghy, which should be part of every houseboat's equipment, or a "slack" with pipes under the houseboat's awning, will take up the time till tea, which on a houseboat generally takes the place of dinner. A snack of bread and cheese and beer is all you want just before turning in.

The evening is pleasantly filled in with cards or a "sing song" (if you are lucky enough to have a piano); while sometimes you will elect to stroll over to the "Angler's Rest" and talk awhile with the local worthies.

And among these you will come across many a good chap who will take you round, and generally see to it that you miss no enjoyment that the locality has to offer.

F. F. A. HORNER.

GLOVES FOR GARDENERS.

The professional gardener may scoff at the idea of doing his work with gloves on. Most Englishmen think no work can be done except "with the gloves off." Nevertheless those who do not usually do much gardening except through the summer months are liable to dangers which are often not even suspected.

The principal perils to the amateur gardener are blood-poisoning and lockjaw, both of which are by no means seldom fatal.

A townsman's hands, used as a rule for no rougher work than wielding a pen, are apt to get very soft, and the skin is easily penetrated by every thorn or sharp piece of wood, stone, or other substance encountered in gardening. These things frequently set up blood-poisoning.

A tiny prick in the finger, that is hardly severe enough to draw a minute bead of blood, may have all the poisons necessary to give a man the worst arm he ever had; or it may contain the lockjaw germs which live in earth and manure heaps such as gardeners are always dealing with.

The best protection against these dangers is a pair of gloves. They should not be too thick or the work will be clumsily done. They may not even prevent the penetration of thorns, but the passage of the thorn's point through the leather has a cleansing effect, and may thus render the injury innocent.

"SLINGING THE MONKEY."

HORSEPLAY ON SHIPBOARD.

This is one of the delightfully excruciating pastimes devised, for adoption on ship [illegible] by some unknown genius for painful [illegible] you have ever "slung the monkey" [illegible] rather if you have played the very undignified simian rôle—it is very long odds that you don't want to do so again.

The victim must suffer himself to be suspended from above, in some way or other by the legs, so that he swings head downwards.

His hands, moreover, when stretched to their utmost, must just reach the deck; the point of the game—or rather horseplay—lies in making him write something, usually fairly long, on the deck with a piece of chalk.

This task would be bad enough if the ship were perfectly still, but when a high wind is blowing, and mountainous waves are challenging the ship to a game of pitch and toss, its discomforts can easily be imagined.

What is more, the practice has more than once been strongly discouraged by medical men, by reason of the strain it exerts upon the head and the heart.

On more than one occasion "slinging the monkey" has involved serious illness to passengers who suffered from possibly unrecognised weak hearts or apoplectic tendencies.

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"TROTTERS"

CHARACTER SKETCH.

By "Trotters" I do not mean a delicacy—at least I assume it is a delicacy, though I have never had the nerve to try it—as you may see exposed for sale in pig's trotter and beef shops.

"Trotters" was a brother officer, whom I displaced as "E.C." (last-joined) of the regiment, a fact of which he took full advantage.

He was a Yorkshireman, with all the good qualities of his county and just one or two of its bad ones.

He was a rich man—that is, he had a good regiment, having a couple of thousand a year or so of his own, but he was a bit mean.

In the intervals of recruits' drill and the privacy of our quarters, "Trotters" taught me écarté, which is quite a nice game for two played quickly, and "Trotters" speedily acquired all my ready money and a good bit more besides.

He ran me one day having marked the king and the ace of trebles and the rub (or something like that, my memory of écarté is rather vague), he refused to play any more, whereat I waxed wroth, and said things.

Then he was a powerful man. He took me by the scruff of my neck and the slack of my overalls and held me for about the space of a minute head downwards out of the window, below which was a twenty-foot drop into an area.

Then he brought me in, stood me up in a corner and addressed me. "Chinstrap," he said, "you are a young idiot." "Trotters," I may say, was a year and a half, I was a trifle over twenty-one, but no matter, "Trotters" had seen a good deal more of the world than I had then.

"NOW FOR TALK.

"In the first place," he continued, "you are the worst écarté player I ever saw in my life. In the second place, you haven't got any money worth speaking of, and you come butting against me who have plenty" (here the Yorkshireman's natural tendency to brag peeped out).

"Thirdly," he continued, "having lost more than you can afford, you lose your temper, and say things to me which in the old days I'd have had you shot for with a bullet through you.

"Fourthly, you have been guilty of bad form. You went on playing when you knew you couldn't pay, which is not the act of a gentleman, and you took your revenge, which is unspeakable.

"Fifthly, you needn't look so down in the mouth, I could simply kick you out if I didn't think there were the makings of a decent chap in you.

"Finally, if you had the least intention of taking your revenge on my brother officers should not try to rook them. I'm going to keep two sovereigns and teach you a lesson, but the rest is wiped out. Now that's early work talking, let's go and have dinner."

"Well, on reflection I don't know. Losing two sovereigns was the most salutary lesson I ever had, for it took the sting out of losing.

"Trotters," as I say, had one or two faults. Like many "knowing ones," he was inclined to be over-confident, and he had a profound belief in the infallibility of "Lieutenant Trotters, Esq.," the superscription in an ill-formed feminine hand on a highly scented envelope, which, to our surprise, we found stuck up in his letter-rack on the morning before "Trotters" came down to breakfast.

Still, he was certainly no cocksure fool, and, like most Yorkshiremen, he knew a thing or two about horseflesh, but not everything, and there was much more or less secret mirth and joy—"Trotters," as I have hinted, had a heavy hand—when a travelling horse-dealer, or, rather, horse-coper, "stuck" him with a mare suffering from ringbone.

Then his ideas on practical joking were rather crude. He thought it was wildly humorous to come barging into you, sending you and your partner flying, when waltzing on the ice, and his "booby traps" were a serious danger to life and limb.

He was curiously successful with women, for he was not a good-looking man, being tall, raw-boned, with sandy hair, prominent light-blue eyes, and big, slightly projecting "horse-teeth." But he had a masterful way with them, and many feminine hearts were torn and anguished when he went home on leave after about four years' service.

He took devilish good care never to return, for he had omitted to mention to anybody, even in the regiment, that he had been engaged to a girl at home all the time, and that his going on leave was but a preliminary to sending in his papers, marrying, and settling down on his Northern property.

A CHANCE MEETING.

I met him a year or two ago, a punch in the back that sent me spinning into the middle of Piccadilly being his mode of greeting.

He took me to his club, and filled the vacuum he had created with liquid.

I had been backing a succession of "stiff 'uns." I knew that "Trotters" owned a useful "plater" or two, and I asked him for heaven's sake to give me a tip. Then he spoke to me even as in the days when we were brother subalterns.

"Look here, you blazing old ass," he said, "I own a hairtrunk or two, I've followed the game for many years, and I'm well in the swim, and I can afford to stand a run of bad luck, but I've never been able to make betting pay. How the blue, blithering, blazes can you, who are not on the Turf, don't know anything, and haven't any capital to fall back on, expect to win?"

CHINSTRAP.

SPORTING RIGHTS.

Strictly legally, there is no such thing in England and Wales as open fishing. Many owners allow trespassers to fish from their land, but, barring the seashore and tidal and navigable rivers, there are no places where His Majesty's subjects can actually claim a *right* to indulge in the sport of angling.

With regard to hunting it is a little known fact that at any time an owner of land can forbid members of a hunt following a pack of hounds to trespass on his land, and if they disregard his orders, he is entitled to use force if necessary to send them off.

Shooting rights are rather hard to grasp, by reason of their various ramifications; but, generally speaking, the right to shoot over land rests in the occupier.

Very similar to the shooting laws are those of fowling, *i.e.*, taking game and other birds with snares, traps, and so forth. Except with regard to close times, the law does not interfere with the occupier of land, provided he has a proper excise licence to use a gun or kill game.

He can take his own game in any way, except by poison and spring traps, elsewhere than in rabbit warrens.

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TO READERS
WHO HAVE THESE SYMPTOMS.

To-day readers of this paper who have any of the following symptoms may have free advice how to get rid of their troubles:—

1. Dropping of mucus at back of throat.
2. Discharges of mucus from nose.
3. Spitting of mucus from mouth, throat and lungs.
4. Tickling in throat.
5. Snapping noises in ears.
6. Roaring noises in head.
7. Difficulty of hearing in one or both ears.
8. Mouth-breathing and snoring.
9. Dry tongue in morning.
10. Catarrh.
11. Hay fever.
12. Difficulty of breathing through nose.

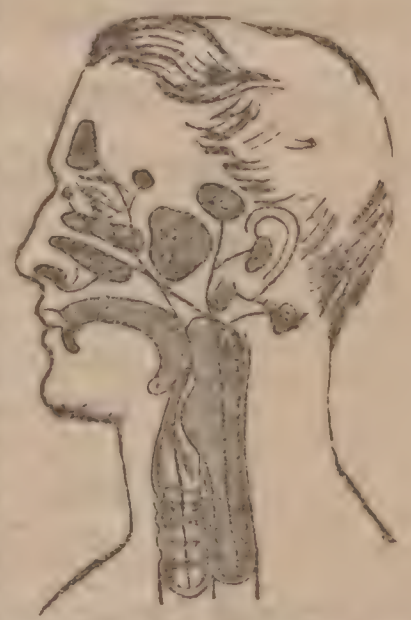
The advice is given by a physician and his patient, who jointly discovered and perfected a most remarkably ingenious cure for their own catarrh, hay fever and breathing difficulty.

THE DISCOVERERS' STORY.

Other symptoms are described and explained in the physician's and patient's illustrated pamphlet sent or given gratis to all who send stamp for postage, or who call at the publisher's offices for a free copy.

The story of how the patient first started to find a cure for his Catarrh, and how he discovered something that his physician helped him to make perfect, is given in the free pamphlet offered to-day to readers of this paper.

The cure the patient and his physician jointly discovered is one that never fails to do good in all such cases as indicated in the foregoing list of symptoms.



One of the unique illustrations from free book showing Catarrh centres of head.

MAKES THE NOSE BREATHE FREELY AGAIN.

By means of an ingenious invention the nose is made to breathe fully and freely, and the symptoms shown above rapidly disappear, for the simple reason that they can no longer exist.

Readers who would like to know how to rid themselves of symptoms like those stated above should send (or call) at once for one of the books that the physician and his patient have published for the benefit of the public.

It is hoped that every reader will have the courtesy to enclose a stamp for return postage of book when writing therefor. The address to which to write is:

THE RHYCOL PUBLISHERS,

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LONDON, E.C.

"Favourites of Fortune"—A Myth.

It is often said that Fortune smiles on one and frowns on another. This is a fallacy. Some there are who make money very easily and rapidly, whilst others toil laboriously all their days with but very scant success. If you look well into the matter, you well discover that those who succeed are those who do the right thing at the right time. In other words, some grasp opportunities at the psychological moment, whilst the rest constantly echo the vain regret "it might have been."

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100	0	0	15	12	6	78	10	0				61	15	0
40	0	0	40	6	3	72	0	0	27	16	6	29	3	0
120	0	0	38	0	0	50	10	0	12	7	6	25	10	0
31	10	0	17	10	0	20	0	0	12	0	0	22	0	0
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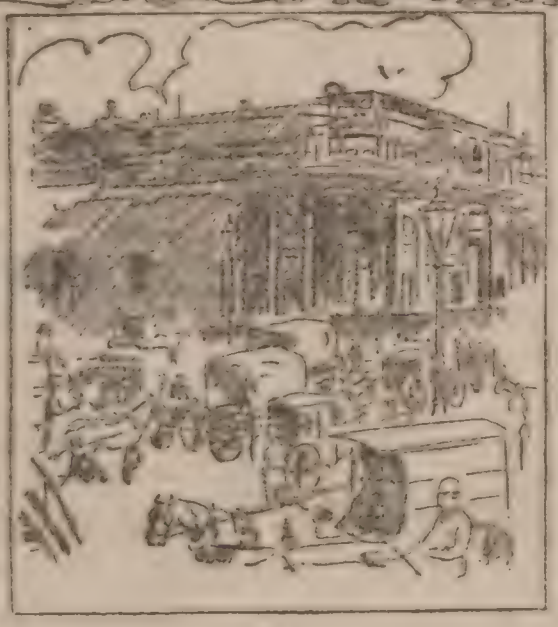
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

BALANCE.



When you say that a man is substantial, you tell a good deal. You imply that he is a man whose opinion on any matter of moment is sound, and you also imply that he has some sort of stake in the country—that, in short, he is a man with a little bit of money behind him. He has something to lose and, therefore, he is cautious.

In my own humble opinion, I think that every man, no matter what his means may be, ought to have some sort of balance at the bank. Those who agree with me, and who have a balance, need not read this article further, but those who agree with me that a balance is desirable, but who cannot see their way to form it, might perhaps read a little farther with advantage to themselves.

I may say at once that I never advise any man to work for a small salary. The definition of the word "small" depends upon circumstances, but I do not think that any man should work for a salary so small that he is left absolutely hand-to-mouth in the matter of finance.

I should not like to be misunderstood in this respect. There are some businesses where salaries are taken on at very small wages, where the margin of profit is not sufficient to permit of larger wages being paid. A man who takes up a job in a firm like that has no grievance against his employer, but he ought to look out for a better job.

I consider a pound a week to be a minimum wage for a man working in a town. He ought to be getting more than that, he can usually do so, unless, of course, he is a man, with large family expenses.

Yes, you can save money if you only set about it in the right way. Most men when they think it advisable to save money set about it wrongly. They begin by trying to save on their luncheons, which is sheer folly. The right way to save and to get that balance which makes you a man of substance is to look down the bigger expenses. If you are in lodgings, and paying twenty-five shillings a week, you can save ten shillings a week by looking about and finding equally comfortable lodgings at fifteen shillings a week. At the same time you can arrange that your new lodgings will be nearer your place of business, so that you will save travelling expenses.

That is the right way to save money. The wrong way is that of paying it out to other people, you lose it in your own pocket, and you lose nothing; but if you are stupid enough to try to save money by cutting down your expenses in the matter of food—which seems always the easiest way of saving—all you do is to impair your health, and, therefore, to curtail your money-earning capacity.

The suggestions I have made are intended for the bachelor. I cannot pretend to give advice to the married man regarding the control of money, for everything depends upon the wife. Some women can save pence while their husbands are saving pounds, and very often the wife's nest-egg comes in very handy at a crisis, but there are other women who cannot save, and who make any sort of cutting of expenses impossible.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

THE STATE OF THE MARKET.

There is practically no change to report in Stock Exchange prices excepting a further slight fall in oil and rubber concerns.

SPIERS AND POND.

The report of Spiers and Pond for the past year is not so promising as most people expected. True, the carry-forward of £14,200 is more than double that of the previous year; but no arrears of Preference dividends are being paid.

Why this company, which was once a very successful enterprise, should do so badly while other catering companies are making fortunes, I cannot understand.

The business done for the year ending March 31, 1911, amounted to £1,278,400, and the net profit on that turnover only amounted to £7,900.

RAILWAY INVESTMENTS.

The Home Railway outlook is still as promising as ever, and the dividend-paying stocks will pay larger dividends than they did this time last year.

Prices have fallen in every instance since Easter, and the speculative investor can now pick up some very good bargains.

Districts at 30, or under, are always worth buying, as their traffics increase week after week with monotonous regularity.

Grand Trunk Stocks are getting a move on at last, and the Third Preference Stock is a very promising speculative investment at the present price.

Mexican Railway Seconds are also cheap at anything under 90, as the 6 per cent. Preference dividend is assured, and consequently the yield at 90 is £6 13s. 4d. per cent.

'WARE MINES.

Mines are quiet and listless, with downward quotations where there is any change.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. McC. (Dublin).—I think Nos. 3, 4, and 6 are most suitable for your purpose; the others are decidedly more speculative.

"MAJOR" (Aldershot).—A good speculative lock-up, but you should leave yourself room to average in case of a break.

H. P. (Dudley).—Yes. I think they are quite safe, and there is a fairly free market.

"AGATE" (Kenilworth).—Much too speculative, and in addition there is a heavy liability.

"BERNARD" (Woodford).—The company is a good one, and I think fairly certain to keep up its present rate of dividend.

P. R. (Mirfield).—I do not advise the investment; other replies would be too long for this column.

O. N. (Stafford).—The pick of your list, in my opinion, is No. 5. I do not see much chance of an early improvement in the others.

"MARJORIE" (Tipton).—Your trustee is quite right in his contention; he cannot legally purchase the shares you wish, and I am of opinion that later on you will be thankful that it is so.

K. F. (Dumfries).—You are entitled to the dividend.

"RUBBER" (Glasgow).—The company has most excellent prospects, and the shares should not on any account be sold.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

THE EEL.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF CATCHING HIM.

Eels are so voracious that there is hardly any bait that they will not take; and it is this fact that renders those wrigglesome gentry so easy of capture. Also they are to be found in almost all waters.

A favourite way of fishing for them, of course, is the ordinary float tackle and worms, but there are a good many more uncommon methods of taking eels.

When a stream has risen and the water at the mouth is thick and muddy, the wily eel-fisherman will take a number of the biggest worms he can get and string them all lengthwise—it sounds pretty horrible, though—on a piece of worsted which is then twisted up, something after the fashion of a mop-broom. The whole structure is then attached to a cord or cane and lowered into the discoloured water.

A shoal of greedy eels make a dash for the worms, the teeth of a good many become entangled in the worsted, and the victims are promptly hauled up.

In the hot weather you will catch eels by taking a long needle, tying a piece of fine line to its centre, and fixing the "eye" end firmly into the end of a thin but strong stick. Then cunningly fix a worm on the needle and put it into the water.

As soon as you feel an eel negotiating your worm, strike quickly upwards with your stick, and the needle's point will transfix the eel's throat. Then all you have to do is to haul him out, pressing upwards all the while, and relieving the strain on the needle with a continuously firm pull on the line.

In Norfolk and Suffolk, nets are placed across rivers, and many eels are caught in this way. And a fairly common way of taking them is in baskets baited with live gudgeon.

Spearing, too, is often practised in clear water, where the eels' blow-holes may be discerned in the mud.

W. H. WESTCOTT.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.
(FORTIETH EDITION.)
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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We have always a large number of high-grade Positions open in Clerical Technical, Organising, and Travelling capacities—positions carrying salaries of from £150-1,000—and we want to hear from really High-Grade Men who are capable of filling them. If you are a man possessed of Special Ability, write us to-day—or call.
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When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

FERRIS AND THE MONEYLENDER

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By E. WADE LANG.

I think it was the young man's slightly uncertain gait which attracted my attention first.

He was about thirty yards ahead of us, coming in our direction, and it struck me as an unusual occurrence that a fashionably attired young gentleman should be intoxicated in a West-End street so early in the afternoon. The following moment I had recognised him.

"Look out!" I warned Ferris in a low voice. "Here's Hal Barchbriggan coming!"

"So it is," agreed Ferris. "All right. Keep straight on. He won't remember us."

We had both considerably altered in appearance since our days of club life and functions, and were additionally safeguarded by a thin though clever disguise.

It took a moment or two for him to reach us, and I had time to notice his unnaturally fixed eyes, the curious leaden pallor of his cheeks.

He had almost passed. It was with a shock that I saw he was looking at Ferris—looking at him with vacant, unseeing eyes, which all in an instant lit with startlement and wonder.

"By gad!" he said, and pulled up short. "If I'm not mistaken——"

"Shut up!" hissed Ferris, wheeling towards him, and continuing to speak coolly and rapidly. "Whoever I am, don't mention the name. It's a case for passing on, Hal—brick-blind, mum for the sake of old times. We're a couple of thorough-paced scoundrels, but always white to pals. And so are you. Can you oblige me with a light? (Get your box out, man!) Thanks."

I was trembling, but young Barchbriggan was trembling more.

"It's you," he whispered, through dry lips which he licked. "Monty Ferris! the man the whole of Scotland Yard is looking for! I want to speak to you. No; I won't give you away. *But I want to speak to you!* Quick, for God's sake, Ferris!"

It was then that I realised that Hal Barchbriggan was in the extremity of terror.

Without a word Ferris walked to the pavement-edge and beckoned an approaching taxi. We got in.

"Don't talk in here," said Ferris; "he's driving us to a quiet hotel."

We found a secluded corner in the coffee-room, by which time Barchbriggan had partially recovered his control.

"You fellows," he began, "I'm in a horrible, ghastly mess. You call yourselves scoundrels—you're not a bit worse than I am. I'll tell you about it—make a clean breast of it, if you'll listen.

"I got into Penderby's clutches not long ago. You know him?—the wily old bloodsucker! I gave him bills, not signed by myself, but by the governor. Yes; I know I was mad. They were forgeries. But I was in a hole—desperate.

"Of course, he tumbled. He said nothing till I went to redeem them. Then he refused to hand back the papers. Said he wanted all I'd brought as *interest*. Took it, too. Then demanded more. Threatened to expose me if I didn't find it. He'll keep that game on till I'm ruined—or shoot myself. What's to be done?"

"When was this?" asked Ferris.

"To-day. I've just come away. It's broken me up. I—I can't see a way out of it. It's providential meeting you chaps. You'll know what to do. You'll help me out. By G—d, if you don't, I'll give you in charge. I will, so help me ——"

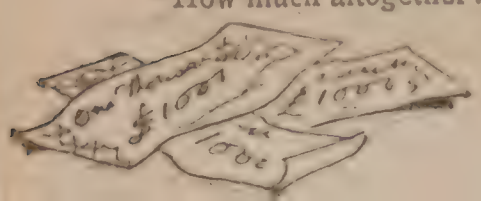
"Steady, steady," said Ferris. "Answer my questions. How much did you have from him in the first place?"

"Three hundred. But afterwards——"

"How much altogether?"

"Seventeen hundred."

"The interest?"



"Brought it up to two thousand five hundred, payable on the thirty-first of this month. I raised it with a fortnight to spare—I was lucky at Sandown last week. Then he took the lot and put the papers back in his safe. Laughed at me!"

"So you're just as you were?"

"Yes."

"And you're to find more—by when?"

"A thousand by this day week."

Ferris reflected, frowning at his finger-nails.

"It isn't only the governor," said the young man, piteously. "There's the mater and—and someone else. She believes in me. It will break her heart to discover I'm a blackguard."

"Ah," said Ferris, and I was unable to determine whether the comment was cynical or sympathetic. "You said the papers were put back in his safe? What is your suggestion, then? That we should burgle it?"

"I will give you——" began the young man.

"Tush!" interrupted Ferris, with a gesture. "We are cracksmen for diversion, not villains to be hired. Even if we succeeded in burgling the safe—not by any means the easiest task in the world—and gained possession of those papers, don't you realise that he still has you pinned? He would produce witnesses——"

"There weren't any," interposed Barchbriggan.

"He has men who would swear to anything," said Ferris. "He could not win his case in a court of law, but he would succeed in convincing your father that his erring son had been taking his name in vain. And it is how to prevent his doing *that* that constitutes the difficulty."

The young man's face grew dull with despair.

"I'm done," he said. "Fool that I've been. Fool! Fool!"

"Remorse," said Ferris, "is a profitless pastime. What should you do if you got out of this hole? Run straight? For the sake of that girl who believes in you?"

"I would," said Barchbriggan, with working features. "God knows if I had the chance I'd take it."

"Then," said Ferris, leaning back, "sit tight while I think for a minute."

He regarded the ceiling dreamily, his strong and cunning brain at work on the problem, scheming, planning, delving through the layers of duplicity.

"I've no cause for liking Penderby," he said absently, at last. "His name isn't that at all. I could tell you tales about him which would make your 'each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' Only a scoundrel can properly circumvent another scoundrel, Hal. You're disqualified by possessing a conscience. We'll take this matter up for you, not pledging ourselves to success, but promising to make a good attempt. Firstly, does Penderby by any chance know your father personally?"

"I think not. I feel sure he doesn't."

"Does he know him by sight?"

"Very likely."

Sir Anthony Barchbriggan was a well-[illegible] figure in the political world.

"I should like to see a copy of your [illegible] signature. Can you provide me with one?"

The young man hesitated and flushed. It was as though shame and suspicion were fighting together in his mind.

"For temporary use only," added Ferris, with his semi-satirical smile. "And I must also be sure whether your signatures were a good imitation."

"They were traced," said the young man, with eyes cast down. "Yes; I can let you see an original if you like."

"Right," said Ferris cheerfully. "Then all that I require in addition is an invitation to your home for this coming week-end. . . . I shall come reasonably disguised," he added, with an intention to reassure him.

"You mean——?" said the young man, looking up.

"I sha'n't tell you what I mean," returned Ferris. "It is only necessary that you should trust me."

"Of course I trust you," observed Barchbriggan sincerely. "But all this is a damnably dirty business, Ferris. I wish I could invite you under other circumstances."

"To remove dirt," said Ferris philosophically, "is never a cleanly process."

"Shall you want Burke here to accompany you?"

"No; he'll come in at the final scene. Let us now settle the tale you will tell your father about me."

Soon afterwards we separated, the minor details having been arranged. It was not until a week after that the "final scene" of which Ferris had spoken was enacted.

We went together—Ferris made up as the living likeness of Sir Anthony Barchbriggan, and as his confidential secretary—to call on Mr. Penderby in the afternoon.

Sir Anthony's card obtained us a private interview immediately.

We were received by a typical Jewish money-man, sleek, smooth-shaven, oily-haired, who rose to his feet looking guarded and uneasy, as though suspecting that our invasion was warlike.

But his expression changed on hearing Sir Anthony's opening words, and he wiped his head furtively with a handkerchief and became almost fulsomely attentive.

In a few brief sentences Sir Anthony, [illegible] down, explained that he was temporarily embarrassed for money, and desired to arrange a loan for three thousand pounds. Would Mr. Penderby be content to accept his note of hand for the amount?

Mr. Penderby, with alacrity, would. He appreciated the fact that a rich man could always realise his securities with advantage; it would be an ineffable pleasure to him; it was for such purposes as these, in fact, that he had embarked in the moneylending profession.

For how long would Sir Anthony require the money? A month? And about interest? Would fifteen per cent. be agreeable?

"Per annum?" inquired the pseudo Sir Anthony.

"No—for the loan. You see——" And Penderby became profusely explanatory.

"But, my dear sir," protested Ferris, "[illegible] out at a hundred and eighty per cent. per annum. This must be an admirably paying business, Penderby."

He attempted to refute the other's arguments; failed, and fell back on an [illegible] man's stubborn adherence to original decision.

"Well," he said irritably, "I am bound to have the money to-day, so I must submit to your iniquitous terms, I suppose. Yes, iniquitous is what I said! Have you the notes here? Then I wait while you send a messenger to the [illegible] You have them here? Good! Now what have to sign? Let my secretary look through the document first; I have every confidence in his judgment."

And I walked over to the window, [illegible]

looked the street, the better to peruse the contents. Mr. Penderby meanwhile counted out the crackling notes.

Meanwhile, too, footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, and a clerk came in with a card.

The moneylender, taking it, changed countenance and glanced under his eyebrows at Sir Anthony and then at me.

"Tell him," he said, glaring at the clerk, "that I can't possibly see him now. I'm engaged. Ask him to come back in an hour."

"I will count those notes if you will permit me," put in Sir Anthony smoothly, as he reached over and took them from the other's blotting-pad.

An angry voice reached us from outside. "I will come back in an hour. I'll wait."

Sir Anthony went on counting the notes, found the total amount correct, and placed them in his pocket.

"Will you kindly ask my son to be shown in?" he requested.

"It—but," said Mr. Penderby, hoarsely, "you have not yet signed the promissory note for——. This is a plot, sir."

The pseudo Sir Anthony regarded him with a look of indifference.

"Very well," said Penderby, changing to an ugly expression, "you'll wish you hadn't, that's all."

And he touched a bell.

A moment later Hal Barchbriggan was shown in and closed the door behind him. His cheeks were pale, his bearing was defiant.

"Sit down!" said his false parent, taking charge of the proceedings.

"Mr. Penderby," said Penderby in icy accents.

"Mr. Penderby," he said, "you have my I.O.U.'s to several promissory notes in your possession. I have come to redeem them."

"You get nothing out of me," snarled Penderby, leaning forward. "Those signatures you speak of are *forgeries*, let me tell you."

"On the contrary," said Ferris, deliberately, "they are genuine. I signed them myself."

There was silence for a moment.

"So that's the game, is it?" said Penderby, at last. "He has confessed——"

"He has had the good sense to acquaint me with all that has happened, including the information that already you have robbed him once of the money that he legitimately owes, as well as holding over his head a threat of perpetual blackmail.

"Now, I affirm that the signatures you possess are mine. That disposes of any claim that you may have fancied you had upon my son, I believe."

"That is the case," said Penderby, "you yourself have summed up?"

"Exactly," said Ferris, imperturbably, "with the exception that I have indiscreetly surrendered. It is useless to bluster. Trickery must be met by trickery. You have no acknowledgment for the three thousand pounds I hold in my possession. I will only return the sum in exchange for the promissory notes. Should you refuse, you are losing five hundred pounds, remember."

"I'll give you in charge for theft," hissed Penderby, half rising from his chair.

"My dear," said the pseudo Sir Anthony, politely, "you would experience some difficulty in pursuading a constable to accept your word against mine. Mr. Penderby, I have wasted sufficient time over this scandalous business." He stood up, his manner becoming stern and contemptuous. "Rather than allow you to terrorise my son, I will appear in every court in the kingdom. Produce the documents and I will return your money. Come" (this to me), "go downstairs and wait."

Penderby muttered something unintelligible, but began unlocking the safe as I went out of the room.

Thus how young Barchbriggan was saved the consequences of his folly—the chief consequence of Ferris's plan being that Mr. Penderby desired nothing so much as never to come in contact with Sir Anthony Barchbriggan again.

Another of these stories will appear shortly.—

BOND STREET TAILORING AT MODERATE PRICES.

Let Us be Your Tailor.

Why does a Bond Street tailor charge so much for a suit?

Because

(1) He uses the finest materials that can possibly be bought.

(2) He employs only the best cutters—men who are not only tailors but artists.

(3) He occupies premises which he rents at an unnecessarily high figure.

Look back at the tabulated items mentioned above.

(1) We use only the very finest and purest of materials, and of these only those of the latest patterns.

(2) We employ none but the most highly-qualified West-end cutters.

(3) It is in the third item that we differ. By paying a smaller rental than we should in Bond Street for our premises, we are enabled to produce clothes unsurpassed by anything you can buy from a Bond Street tailor, at less than half his price. It is only fair to add that our clientèle being so much larger than that of the average Bond Street tailor, we can afford to give our customers the benefit of the money saved.

We are now producing

A SPECIAL SUIT

IN

ROYAL BLUE SERGE

AT **40/-**

which cannot be equalled at four times the price by any Bond Street or other West-end tailor in London.

Our Royal Blue Serge suit is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour.

In connection with this suit we guarantee two years' wear. Would any Bond Street tailor do that?

Call on us if you have an opportunity to do so. If, however, you live in the country, we *guarantee* to fit you by post, *and to return your money in full if you are not satisfied.* Our special self-measurement forms enable us to make this offer without loss to ourselves.

Lounge Serge Suit, 40/-

Our principle always is "your money back if you are not satisfied in every way."

Write to-day for patterns and self-measurement form, which will be sent to you post free to any address; but if you are in London make a point of calling and seeing our Royal Blue Serge in the piece.—Your obedient servants,

J. & H. ELLIS,

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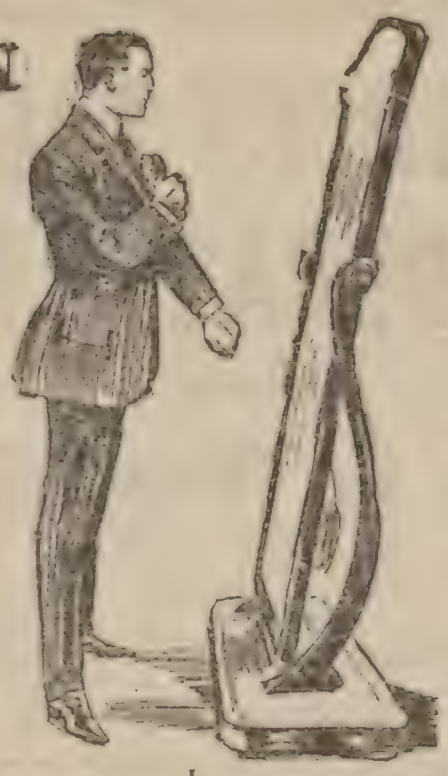
THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TAILORING AND ANATOMY.

I have heard it said that the tailor as well as the artist ought to know something about anatomy. The task of one is to portray, of the other to clothe, the human form divine.



The artist generally does take the trouble to learn something about his subject; not so always the "sartorial artist," as he likes to hear himself called.

The first-class tailor, however, learns not only the lines of the normal classic figure, but of the abnormal, with which he more often has to deal.

If his work consisted of clothing Greek statues or tailor's dummies, it would be a very simple job. But the fact that no two figures are exactly alike makes things very different.

Though you may not know it, when you are being measured for a suit the cutter is often making rude remarks about your personal peculiarities to his assistant. He does so with the best intentions in the world, for those peculiarities must be noted if the suit is to fit.

He uses a recognised code of abbreviations, so as not to wound your feelings—h.f., for instance, signifies that you carry your head forward, and so on.

To get the best results it is necessary to be absolutely frank with one's tailor as with one's doctor. It is sheer folly to try and "make the most of yourself" when being measured—to expand the chest, or to draw yourself up and stand in an unnatural position. It is merely endeavouring to make a good impression on one man at the cost of making a bad impression on everyone you may chance to meet when wearing the new suit.

DETAILS AND EFFECT.

How often do you meet a man and leave him merely with the impression that he was well dressed? In many cases you could not even mention the colour of the suit he was wearing, while the material altogether escaped your notice. None the less, the fact that he was well dressed struck you forcibly, and he left a general impression of style.

That man had been fitted out by a first-class tailor who knew the value of good cutting and fitting, and was prepared to stake his reputation on that.

The inferior tailor, on the other hand, goes in for numerous minor details in his endeavour to keep up to date and to give to his suits that distinction which the wiser man would put into the cut and fit.

Thus it is not always the best tailors who turn out suits with eccentric gauntlet cuffs, with peculiar buttons, or freakishly-cut lapels or fronts.

These things catch the eye, it is true, but they do not altogether divert the attention from faults of style and fit.

You do not get from the appearance of a man dressed in this fashion the general impression that he was well dressed. You may observe some of the details of his attire as a woman will notice the details of another woman's dress; but when a man is really well turned-out no detail is prominent. It is a matter of general effect.

CLEANING CLOTHES BRUSHES.

We most of us have our hair-brushes washed from time to time, but how often do we think of washing clothes brushes or even hat-brushes?

Yet this ought to be done regularly. We brush the mud off our clothes, and quite an appreciable amount of it remains in the brush. Next time we brush our clothes some of the mud gets brushed back into them.

Hat-brushes especially ought to be washed at intervals, so as to keep them free from dust.

THE USES OF PIPECLAY.

Common or garden pipeclay should form a part of every man's cleaning outfit, whether he has a right to wear a uniform or not.

If he possesses a pair of white cricket or tennis boots he will naturally have it (or some more expensive, if not more useful, preparation) handy. But pipeclay has its uses for cleaning clothes as well as footwear.

A pair of otherwise clean white flannel trousers are often spoilt by a single mark—perhaps a green smudge due to a fall. It is not always necessary, however, to send them at once to the laundry or the cleaners.

The mark should be thoroughly covered with pipeclay rubbed well into it. When this has dried, the superfluous pipeclay should be brushed off, and the mark will be almost obliterated, if not entirely.

This method of cleaning is adopted by most soldiers for scarlet tunics, and can be applied to almost any cloth of fairly light colour and close texture.

LACING BOOTS.

The putting in of a new pair of laces is always a tedious business, and many men put it off until the number of knots in their superannuated lace makes life a positive burden.

But there comes a time when the lace must be replaced, and then it is advisable to replace both laces, even though only one must be broken. The other is not likely to last much longer, and in any case it will not match its new brother.

In the Army the dress regulations insist that boots shall be laced straight across, and though some regulation is necessary for uniformity, this is also the best plan for comfort. It is especially advisable with Derby boots with Derby fronts.

If the laces are crossed the two flaps in front of the boot cannot be made to meet so well. They are liable to "kink," and they will admit dust and grit.

In light boots for town wear the laces may be crossed, but then they should be so arranged that they do not come up between the fronts of the boot. Each cross should be entirely visible, instead of being half hidden. To ensure this the lace is passed up through the bottom hole and passed *inwards* into the next hole above it on the opposite side, and so on.

An important point to watch is that the lace does not become twisted when putting it in, for this looks slovenly and is difficult to correct when the boots have once been worn in this way.

RENOVATING A SILK HAT.

The ideal way, of course, to keep a hat trim is to have it ironed once a day, but as this is apt to come expensive, those who find it necessary to wear this form of head-gear must needs keep it in order themselves with occasional skilled assistance.

That Old Suit of yours is good for further service.

3/6 will make it look new.

If your suit is wrinkled and shabby from holiday wear or business wear, send it to us with a postal order for 3/6. It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, & TAILOR-PRESSED by our new process and you will receive it within three days looking almost like a brand-new suit. It is a practical Tailor-work service. Our work is not dry-cleaning process. You must see an old suit after being treated by our method. You will be surprised at the result.

Send your old suit to-day and a postal order for 3/6. We pay carriage one way. Send post card for folder, "An Old Suit Made New."

THE NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING Co.
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.
TELEPHONE 260 North.

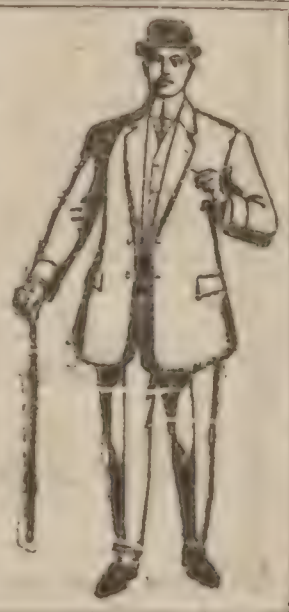
THE NAME "McKINLEY"

On a suit is like the 22-carat hall-mark on gold—a guarantee of the best quality. The McKinley goods are all-British. We use only reliable Scotch, English and Irish materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee perfection of fit, style and workmanship. Yet our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

SUITS (to measure)	25s. to 50s.
RAINPROOF OVERCOATS (to measure)	25s. to 45s.
BREECHES (to measure)	10s. 6d. to 21s.

Carriage paid. No Extras. We refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

SEND TO-DAY for our Booklet "M.N." our splendid range of Spring Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. They will be sent to you free and post paid. Write or call



C. & G. McKINLEY, *Tailoring Specialists*
(TAILORING DEPT.), 7, GRESHAM STREET (Opposite G.P.O.), LONDON, E.C.

A velvet pad, which should be heated before use, is the best means of keeping the hat glossy if it is not subjected to much rough usage.

If, however, the nap has suffered some damage through a fall or through some other mishap, it can often be restored to its pristine glossiness by the judicious application of a damp sponge.

After the whole surface has been gently sponged with cold water it should be left out to dry, and then well brushed with a soft brush, before receiving a final polish from the velvet pad.

It is fatal to attempt to doctor a part of the hat only with the wet sponge. It must be either the whole surface or none, or the result will be streaky.

Moreover, a hat once subjected to this drastic method of treatment is liable to require a frequent application of it to keep it respectable, so that it should only be applied as a last resource.

The tip was one that I learnt in my schooldays, when, as may be imagined, the compulsory Sunday top-hat came in for a pretty rough time of it before it finally played the rôle of ball in an impromptu football match at the end of term.

GREEN STOCK TIES.

Not long ago I remarked on the strides in favour which were being made by the stock tie, but I then observed that it was restricted to black or to "bird'seye" silk of black or blue with white spots.

To-day, however, I have for the first time noticed a stock bow tie of a brighter colour, and I cannot say that the effect was altogether pleasing.

The tie in this case was of bright green silk with white spots, and though the colour was by no means offensive in itself, it did not seem suitable to the style of the tie.

The stock tie in any form is merely a survival, or rather a revival, of the fashion of a century ago, and such bright colours were then unknown. The blue and white bird's-eye or the plain black bow have in them something of the old-fashioned style, but the bright green strikes a false note and seems incongruous.

COAT SWEATERS.

The sweater that is made after the fashion of a coat seems to be advancing in favour like the shirt that is split down the front.

The coat sweater is not, of course, suitable for all sports, but it is especially suitable for summer use and for the man who wants to guard against a cold after a hard game of tennis or an energetic innings at cricket.

It is easily put on and taken off, without the struggles and disarrangement of the hair involved by the old style.

Send a Postcard for ...

JOHN PIGGOTT'S SUMMER SALE CATALOGUE Now Ready.

Proceeding Throughout JULY.

Mention "M. M."

Cable Address—John Piggott, Ltd., 117 & 118, Cheapside, & Milk St., E.C.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

WE CAN MAKE YOUR OLD SUIT LOOK LIKE NEW

With our wonderful tailor-pressing, cleaning, and repairing process, for restoring shabby clothes.

Have you a suit that is out of shape or turned "shiny" in places? The knees of the trousers baggy, the clean, dead crease down the centre gone, the waistcoat puckered, the fronts of the coat out of their correct shape, and the sleeves full of wrinkles!

Our Tailor-pressing, Cleaning and Repairing Service will enable you to step into a practically new suit. It does away with the "baggy-kneed" trousers, missing buttons, worn-out buttonholes, torn linings, grease spots, stains and creases here and there; in fact, our process gives a new lease of life to that shabby suit of yours.

We do not make clothes, we are practical Tailors, devoting ourselves solely to the restoration of shabby suits.

We know you will be as pleased as the thousands of our customers who have sent their suits regularly to us for the past ten years.

You are specially invited to visit our works, where we shall be pleased to demonstrate to you our wonderful process.

Send your shabby suit along to-day with P.O. 3s. 9d.; we will return it within three days, carriage paid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the result, YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED IN FULL.

The British Tailoring & Repairing Co.

CHIEF OFFICE AND WORKS,

34, 36, 38 & 40, Great College Street, London, N.W.

Tel. North 2882 (2 lines).

YOUR SATISFACTION IS OUR REPUTATION.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

C. C. (Luton) writes that he was one of the Territorials selected to line the route of the Coronation processions. He wanted to stay in London for the week-end, and obtained permission from his officer. He spent the Friday evening at a theatre, and then went to the Union Jack Club, which he reached between twelve and one. There he was informed that Territorials were not admitted, and that the Club was only for soldiers and sailors. He asks, "If a Territorial is not a soldier, what is he?" What have the authorities of the Union Jack Club to say about it? Our correspondent's name and address are at their disposal if they desire to investigate the matter.

H. J. (London, E.C.).—It is quite correct to wear a white vest slip with a plain grey suit. You can also wear it with a black suit or a blue, but not correctly with a rough tweed suit.

E. C. F. (Bolton).—Better write to Messrs. W. and T. Foyle, of Charing Cross Road, W.C. They can supply almost any book you want at second-hand and at a fraction of the original cost.

F. A. C. (Blaenavon).—If your skin is tender shave with cold water instead of hot. Do not hesitate to buy a good razor in the first place; it is always cheaper in the end.

J. D. (Dudley).—Join the League by all means, and do not imagine for one moment that because you do what you describe as dirty work your welcome will be one bit less cordial. Judging from your letter you are a sportsman in the true sense of the word, and precisely the type of man we want in the League.

"TERRIER" (Northampton).—Boots with a good heavy sole are a help rather than a hindrance in marching, and stout nails in the soles are essential, especially if you are camping in a hilly or marshy district. We hope you will have a very good time.

M. Mc. (Portobello).—The idea that bulldogs are surly and unmanageable is entirely wrong, and probably due to their rather forbidding appearance. As you have not had any previous experience, we advise you not to buy a puppy, as they are rather difficult to rear.

T. H. L. (Kennington).—Here is a tip which may be useful to you. When you wish to leave your bicycle while you go into some place for refreshment, unscrew the saddle and take it with you. There are very few bicycle thieves who could ride a saddleless machine.

L. O. M. (Manchester).—It should not be difficult for you to obtain such holiday digs as you require. We have an extensive circulation in Yorkshire, and an advertisement in Our Readers' Sale and Exchange page would doubtless bring you in many satisfactory replies, from which you could make your selection.

R. W. H. (Stafford).—It is not necessary for any ordinarily healthy man to diet himself. Get up a good appetite by taking plenty of exercise, and satisfy it with good wholesome food. Take care or you will develop into a faddist.

W. D. MORGAN, Council School, St. Athan, Cardiff, desires to correspond with a reader of this paper in France.

W. G. C. (Winnipeg) sends us a Canadian newspaper in which much space is devoted to His Majesty's recent Coronation. We observe, with much interest, that a large photograph of Balmoral Castle appears above the title "Windsor Castle. One of the King's residences." It would appear that Canadian journalism wants a little bit of bucking up.

H. E. (Rhondda).—The maximum fine that can be exacted from a trooper desiring to leave the Territorial Force is £5. As you inform us that you have a good reason for leaving, and that you have already put in three camps, it is ridiculous for your major to say that you cannot resign without paying the full £5. Write to your commanding officer about it.

E. V. P. (Handsworth).—The secretary of the Birmingham MODERN MAN Club is Mr. W. R. Searle, 67, Edmund Road, Adderley Park, Birmingham.

C. F. (Hertford).—Take your horse to a better farrier next time when you want him shod.

L. YOUNG, 77, Upper North Street, Brighton, will be glad to meet readers of that town who are interested in sport and music.

J. B. N. (Nutfield), **J. H. S.** (Canning Town), **C. F.** (Glasgow), **R. E.** (Portsmouth), **G. T. B. C.** (Cardigan), **W. E. L.** (Rotherham), **T. K.** (Bedford), **F. D.** (Aberdeen), **E. H.** (Leicester).—We are much obliged to you.

PUZZLING PROBLEMS.

(*No prizes will be offered for solution. Ingenuity is its own reward.*)

It is rightly held to be bad form to bow to a lady with a pipe in one's mouth. But how are we to help it if we suddenly come across her while we are carrying a bag in one hand and a stick in the other? And which ought we to let drop—the bag, the stick, or the pipe? And how are we to avoid looking like all sorts of fools rolled into one?

* * *

You have won a big bet with a bookmaker, which will ruin him if he pays it. You want to marry his daughter, but if you make her father pay up she will refuse you for your hard-heartedness. On the other hand, without the money the stern and worldly penciller parent will not consider you sufficiently well off. What are you to do?

* * *

You have expectations from your two twin uncles, who both look—and dress—exactly alike. One distinctly disapproves of the habit of borrowing money, while the other doesn't. From the latter you have borrowed a sovereign, and you want to pay it back. If you offer it to the crusty "nunky," you will probably be cut off with a shilling; and the other will be equally displeased if you don't pay him back. How are you to act?

* * *

Your fiancée's father's bulldog has killed your wealthy aunt's cat. Strife has arisen, and each insists on your "cutting" the other. How are you to pour oil on the troubled waters?

H. C.

HAVE YOU JOINED?

We print below a further instalment of the list of names and addresses of members of THE MODERN MAN *League, which should be especially useful during the holiday season. Particulars of the badges and colours of the League appear on another page, together with a form of application for membership. Members are requested to give notice at once of any error or omission, which will be rectified in a supplementary list.*

MERTHYR TYDFIL.
J. BETTERTON, 3, New Church Street, Cefn Coed.
R. DENOVAN, 17, Wellington Street.
J. HARRIS, Pontycapel Cottage, Cefn Coed.
A. A. JONES, "Hillcrest," Queen's Road.
A. L. JONES, 125, High Street.
A. MORRIS, 7 Eastfield Terrace.
C. PAGE, 82, Lower Thomas Street.
W. PITCHER, Ajax Physical Culture School.
W. A. T. ROBERTS, 25, Mary Street.
M. RUSSELL, Police Station, Bream Road.
W. R. SAMUELS, 8, Canal Parade.
H. J. WILLIAMS, 19, Arfryn Terrace, Twynyrodyn.
J. L. WILLIAMS, 26, Victoria Street.

MERTHYR VALE.
W. J. SMALL, 48, The Crescent.

MERTON.
E. M. WEST, 5 and 7, Acre Road.

METHIL.
R. REID, 113, Denbeath.
H. WEATHERALL, Chief Engineer S.S. "Whorlton."

MEXBOROUGH.
B. W. HARTLEY, 11, Glasshouse Lane.

MIDDLESBROUGH.
G. A. ATKINSON, 35, Davison Street.
E. BEDFORD, 106, Abingdon Road.
J. BOLTON, 65, Clarence Street, Haverton Hill.
J. C. BREWER, Ashton House, Linthorpe Road.
M. W. COUNEY, Bristowe Road Grove Hill.
B. CURBESON, 25, Baker Street.
J. A. DAVIES, 35, Napier Street.
J. DEAN, 83, Milton Street.
J. DEAN, 71, High Chester Street, Ayresore Park.
J. DUNBAR, 13, Albany Street.
R. H. FENWICK, 23, Russell Street.
E. FOX, 13, Gloucester Street.
G. GRANT, 50, Ayresome Street.
E. A. GRIMES, 12, Oswald Terrace.
T. W. HARRIMAN, 15, Marsh Road.
A. B. HIND, "Arkendale," Linthorpe.
A. HINTON, 108, Gresham Road.
J. N. HOGG, 19, Outram Street.
T. HUTTON, Belle Vue Grove, Grove Hill.
C. JOHNSON, 22, Camden Street.
A. KIRK, 24, Oliver Street, Linthorpe.
A. MUIR, 225, Linthorpe Road.
W. E. PIERPOINT, 53, Longford Street.
C. ROBINSON, 19, Willow Street.
W. ROBINSON, 36, Avon Street.
C. E. SCURR, 150, Portman Street.
G. S. SEAMAN, 9, Glebe Road.
G. SMITH, 84, Victoria Road.
W. H. S'ARKES, 63, Errol Street.
G. STEPHENSON, Orchard House, Orchard Road.
G. B. STIMPSON, 68, Clifton Street.
E. F. STINTON, 4, Westbourne Terrace, North Ormesby.
G. E. STINTON, 4, Westbourne Terrace, North Ormesby.
H. TROUSDALE, 165, Albert Road.
E. WALKER, 6, Beaufort Street.
W. H. WELCH, 84, Borough Road West.
A. WILBRAHAM, 27, Boundary Road.
V. WILLIAMS, 17, Lothian Road.
W. E. WILLIS, 33, Lune Street.
A. WINDROSS, 1, Gresham Road.
D. WOODHOUSE, 47, Denmark Street.
J. WOODHOUSE, 47, Denmark Street.
W. E. WRIGHT, 68, Dunning Road.

MIDHURST.
J. COMBES, The Gardens, Cowdray Park.
W. E. LEA, King Edward VII. Sanatorium.
F. TATCHELL (Rev.), Midhurst Vicarage.

MILFORD (near Derby).
B. W. GREAVES, Strutt Arms Hotel.

MILFORD HAVEN.
W. G. FRANCIS, 75, Charles Street.

MILLOM.
C. W. SELKIRK, care of F. S. Dixon, Esq., Market Square.

MONIAIVE.
T. NEILSON, High Street.
W. B. NEILSON, High Street.

MONIFIETH.
J. C. M. CLARK, 22, Well Street.

MONKSEATON.
A. G. FOWKES, 22, Marine Avenue.
T. MELROSS, Nithsdale, Marine Avenue.

MONTON GREEN.
J. H. LONSDALE, 35, Crawford Street.

MONTROSE.
B. G. SAWER, H.M.C.E., 8, Union Place.

MORECAMBE.
S. T. SCOTT, 6, Northumberland Street.

MORPETH.
H. LOCKHART, 3, Kensington Cottages.
G. MIDDLEMAS, 9, Newgate Street.
A. VARLEY, 8, Teater Terrace.

(To be continued.)

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable nd money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed o." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

nger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bar- 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern " 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

men.—Feather-weight, heather colour, hand- n tweeds; patterns.—Jones (Member), 96, o Street, Dudley.

cKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The waterproof for Spring wear. Made from -weight fawn waterproof coating in the onable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Won- l value. Ready for service in all sizes and hs. Send height and chest measure (over t) with remittance. Money returned in full if approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring ; 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

d, groom's top boots, stiff legs, size nines.— 4747, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, don, E.C.

rish tweed fashionable jacket and breeches, r worn, chest 37in., waist 33in. Just cost 6d., accept 25s.—Box 4748, "The Modern " 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

—Army Bells.—Touring, cyclists', or garden. e list free.—Ross's, Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

salmon and six dozen trout flies for sale, new. t offers?—Box 4744, "The Modern Man," udor Street, London, E.C.

w developer, nearly new, for sale, 8s.; also g chest-expander, athlete's size, 1s. 6d.— y Ship Cottage Farm, Coventry Road, Sheldon, Birmingham.

Bar-Bell, 75lbs. 10s. Advanced course by don Expert free.—Lowry, Stanwix, Carlisle.

Shocking Coil, complete with battery, polished ut case; new. Cost 15s. 6d., accept 12s. 6d.— 4742, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, don, E.C.

men! Fish bite like hungry wolves when g Magic Fish Lure. Recipe, 7d. P.O.—Hughes Co., Publishers, Weston-super-Mare.

t.—First-class club's tackling: two splendid powerful driving bats, all-cane handles, ted, noted maker, 8s. each; two best 6s. 6d. e-seamed match balls, 4s. each; 21s. bag, cow- ends, 12s. 6d.; pads, gloves, gauntlets, all ndid quality and new condition, lot for 47s. 6d., livide; approval.—Box 4682, "The Modern " 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bowls.—£2 2s. tournament set by noted er, eight polished lignum bowls, full-size, lum bias, complete in strong case with two s for 27s. 6d.; never used; approval.—Box "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, don, E.C.

redith Clease's developer and private home se for six months, cost £3 3s., take 18s. 6d.; good condition.—Box 4753, "The Modern 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

4ft. mahogany billiard table, solid slate bed, h in good condition, set of balls and marker. at offers?—Box 4754, "The Modern Man," 21, or Street, London, E.C.

man's Raleigh, 25in. frame, free-wheel, plat d s, two roller lever brakes, upturned handle- , Moseley's tyres, enamelled black, green lines, —Box 4755, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor et, London, E.C.

d, gentleman's cycle, good make, good con- on, cheap.—Box 4756, "The Modern Man," 21, dor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

offers? "Modern Man," 63 to 103, 105 to 140. sh, Nile Street, Hull.

-Duployan up-to-date shorthand. Saves a r's study. Highest speeds. Simple. Rapid. gible. Practical. Learned in twelve lessons. eresting handbooks free.—Shorthand Associa- , Holborn Hall, London.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

For sale, No. 3 folding pocket Kodak, new, £2 2s.—R. G. Molyneux, 35, William Street, Woolwich.

For sale, ½-plate camera in good condition.—For further particulars apply Box 4740, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Kodak, postcard size, plate attachment, 6 plate-holders, leather case, perfect condition, £4 10s.—Box 4751, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

½ plate Thornton-Pickard Ruby double extension camera, 6 double dark slides, tripod, case, 4 printing frames, behind lens, time and instantaneous roller blind shutter, no lens, £3, or near offer.—Box 4752, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

DIGS.

Digs. wanted. Lake District, Lancashire, or anywhere on W. coast. Farm or place where can have riding.—Box 4745, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Brighton. Boarding establishment for young gentlemen. "Modern Man" welcome. Terms, 25s. per week: 7s. 6d. week-ends; three minutes' Aquarium. —L. P., 7, Atlingworth Street.

MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Hay-Fever and Catarrh. Instantaneous relief and cure (inexpensive). Recipe P.O. 1s. No relief, cash refunded.—Box 4746, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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£100 IN CASH PRIZES.

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

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Signed.....

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